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T H E  
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Mr. P O P E.

**W**HEN any extraordinary Genius departs this World, (and surely Mr. *Alexander Pope* must be allow'd so to have been, even by his very Enemies) though the best Judgment of such a Person is certainly to be form'd from his own Writings, yet are not the Publick contented therewith, unless they have likewise some Account of his Birth, Extraction, Education, Person, Temper, Character, Principles, and, if possible, of his Adventures. Nor has this only been the Humour of the present Age, but, for aught we can find to the contrary, of all Ages; and to this it is we owe, the Lives of the most celebrated Poets of former Times, which are constantly prefix'd to the best Editions of their Works, as may be seen in those of *Virgil* and *Horace*, *cum Notis variorum*, or *in Usu Delphini*. In effect, it is not at all surprizing, that, when People have been greatly charm'd, with the flowing Numbers, beautiful Descriptions, or elevated and sublime Sentiments, of a fine Writer, they should want to know how such a Person behaved, spoke, or

B thought;

thought in private Life; this is no more than a natural and warrantable Curiosity, and the indulging it is far from being criminal: Much less so, when all these admirable Qualifications, joined to the soundest Judgment, and the most nervous sense, meet in one and the same Person, as they did eminently, in the various Writings of our incomparable Poet. When Prince *Eugene* came over to *England*, we are acquainted by the ingenious Author of the *Tatlers*, that, tho' that great Man's general Character was universally known, he was pester'd with numberless Epistles, desiring an exact Account of the Stature, Features, Shape, Temper, and divers other Particulars, of that Hero: Why may they not, therefore, be equally desirous, of as exact an Account of the aforesaid Particulars, with relation to our Poet, who was, in his Way, to the full as great a Man, and as much an Honour to his Country? Add to this, that he was an *Englishman*, which ought the more to endear him to us.

To comply then with this not-unreasonable Curiosity of the Publick, at least as far as lies in our Power, all the Information we could possibly get, from the very best Intelligence we have been able to procure, concerning each of these Particulars, shall be here impartially and candidly laid before them. And *first*, as to the Birth of Mr. *Alexander Pope*, the Hero of the following Sheets, We are assured, by the Author of the *Lives of the Poets*, *Giles Jacob*, Esq; lately deceased also, to the great Regret of divers publick-spirited Members, of that useful and learned Fraternity the *Bibliopolæ*, a Person who, if not of so bright a Genius as our Poet, was, undoubtedly,



edly, of indefatigable Diligence, (as is evident from his many voluminous Productions,) consequently may be reasonably supposed to have spared no Pains to be rightly inform'd in an Affair of such Moment; and who was also of unquestionable Veracity, as will be readily testify'd, and avouch'd, by the several Members of the above-mentioned useful Fraternity, who were concerned in printing his Labours, and therefore ought to be deem'd the best Judges thereof; We are assured, then we say, by the afore-said Gentleman, that our great Metropolis has an indubitable Claim to the Honour of his Birth; and that he first saw the Light, *Anno Dom.* 1688, a Year, which will be henceforth almost as famous, for the *Nativity* of our Poet, as for that of the *Pretender*, or even for being the *Æra* of the *Revolution*; since the Birth of Mr. Pope has occasioned very near as great a *Revolution*, in the *Regions* of *Parnassus*, (at least with respect to *English Poetry*) as the *Nativity* of the *Chevalier de St. George* has caused, in the *Dominions* subject to the Crown of *Great Britain*.

We can't help observing likewise upon this Head, that there seems to have been something *ominous* (if we may be allow'd to use that Word in a *good Sense*) in his *very Name*; or, to explain ourselves more clearly, *declarative* not only of his future Perfections, but of some Accidents which were to accompany his Life; insomuch, that we could be almost tempted, to agree in her Opinion, at least on this Occasion, with a certain Lady, who being persuaded by her Friends to marry a Gentleman of the Name of *Badcock*, could by no means be induced to comply with them, by all the Arguments they could make



use of; and being earnestly press'd to give a Reason for her Refusal, (which to them seem'd unaccountable, since her Lover was not only very agreeable, and a Man of Sense, but a Match much superior to what she could reasonably expect, in point of Fortune) after many Evasions, she at last answer'd, not without some Blushes, that, having been taught *Latin* in her Childhood, she had read somewhere, that *Nomina sunt significativa Rerum*, and that she would not run the Hazard, of putting it to the Trial, whether this Definition would prove true or not, in the Instance of her Admirer, because she would not run the Risque, of having her Name brought into *the Commons*, (to procure a Dissolution of the Marriage, if she should find the said Definition verifi'd) and from thence transmitted down to Posterity, in the *modest Rhapsodies* of the *ingenious* and *ingenuous* Mr. Ed—d C—ll.

Accordingly, we must confess, we think, never was Name better adapted either to the Qualifications of our Poet, or some particular Circumstances that were to attend him, from his Birth to his Decease; no, not even those Surnames, given by the *Romans* to their great Men, *ex post Faeto*, after some glorious Atchievement, such as *Coriolanus*, *Africanus*, *Asiaticus*. For Instance, what are the Ideas we annex to the word *Pope*, and what are the Titles the *Roman Pontiff* arrogates to himself? Do we ever think of *his Holiness*, without annexing thereto the Idea of his being a *Papist*? And does he not call himself the *Supreme* and *Infallible Head* of the Church of *Rome*? Does not Mr. *Pope* strongly resemble his *Titular Name-sake*

*sake* in every one of these Circumstances? Was not he a *Papist*? Was not his Religion frequently objected to him, by his *disingenuous Enemies*, as a Crime, that ought to outweigh all his good Qualities? Again, will not his *Supremacy* and *Infallibility*, in *Poetry*, be as readily admitted, by the *Majority* of *Good Judges*, as that of the *Pontiff*, in that Church, by the *Majority* of *Roman Catholics*? To proceed, will not these Pretensions, of the *Bishop of Rome*, be *peremptorily denied* him, by all those whom that Church terms *Hereticks*? And will they not as *obstinately* be *refused* Mr. *Pope*, by all *Hereticks* in *Poetry*?

But it is not only in these few particular Instances, we think his Name to have been as well suited to the Man, in every Respect, as if it had been given him *ex post Facto*, (as was before observed) but in innumerable others. *Exempli Gratiâ*; whenever it has been judg'd necessary, either for the *Advantage*, or *Safety*, of certain Gentlemen, who shall be nameless, to work up the *Majority* of the People, whether *within* or *without Doors*, it matters not which, or, to use the Terms of a *great Poet* of former Days, whether the *Great Vulgar* or the *small*, to an *implicit Belief*, that a Plot was in *Agitation*, *destructive* to our *happy Constitution* in Church and State, (by which they *constantly meant* their *dear Selves*) they have never failed of introducing either the *Pretender* and the *Pope*, or the *Pope* and the *Pretender*, as *inseparable Attendants* on, and *necessary Consequences* of, each other; in short, they have been as *continual* and *faithful Companions*, and used to as good Purpose, to terrify, as *successfully*, and *keep in Awe*, the *Children*  
of



of a larger Growth, as RAW-HEAD and BLOODY-BONES, to frighten, and dastardize, ourselves and our Ancestors, for many Generations, when we were Infants. And, whether the Birth of our Poet was antecedent to that of the Pretender, or that of the Pretender to that of our Poet, a Circumstance of the greatest Importance, as to which the afore-mentioned learned Biographer Mr. Giles Jacob has left us very much in the Dark, (an Omission, which will never be pardoned him by the Criticks, and which, if another Bentley should ever arise, will, undoubtedly, be scrutinized into, with the utmost Diligence, Sagacity, and Penetration) is it not highly remarkable, that they were both born in the same Year, and that the inviolable Attachment of the one to the other, was continually objected to our Poet, as has been already observed?

Again, whether it has been thought necessary, in order to raise Contributions, to spread an Alarm of Popery, exclusive of the Pretender, or of the Pretender, exclusive of Popery, for this has sometimes happen'd, though not frequently, it has always been observed, that whenever the Populace have thought fit to proceed to military Execution, the Pope and the Pretender have constantly been thrown lovingly, into the same Bonfire together. In effect, the Roman Pontiff has not been oftener burnt in Effigy, by our zealous Protestants, than our nominal Pope has been roasted, in black and white, another Species of Burning, by the furious Hypercriticks of our Age; and, it must be owned, to as little Purpose as old Infallibility, since the latter has not one Profelyte the less, nor the other one Admirer.

Yet



Yet again, it is well known, that though the *Pretender* is a great *Bigot* to the *Romish Religion*, as he is generally allow'd to be, the Pontiffs, on the contrary, have not always been the same, but have been great *Latitudinarians* in that Point; as *Leo X.* and *Sextus Quintus*, Two of the greatest that ever fill'd the Chair; nay, some have been suspected of being of no Religion, as *Alexander VI.* if we mistake not, the Father of *Cæsar Borgia*, and some even of being *Protestants*, as *Innocent XII.* who was Pontiff at the *Revolution*, and has been frequently affirmed, to have privately favour'd the Expedition of the Prince of *Orange*, afterwards King *William III.* And it is well known, by all, who had the Happiness to be acquainted with Mr. *Pope*, that he was no *Bigot*, as even his Writings make evidently appear; on the contrary, though we believe him *very sincere*, in his Profession of the *Romish Religion*, and for this very Reason (against which, we fancy, his very Enemies will not have any thing to alledge,) because it was repugnant to his Interest, and Interest will not lye; yet was he a *zealous Asserter* of *British Liberty* and *Property*, and consequently, in that respect, rather a *Whig* than a *Tory*.

*Lastly*, To conclude this Allusion, or Parallel, (our Readers, if we have any, may call it which they please,) though we have often seen the *Pope*, and the *Pretender*, committed to the Flames, in *Effigy*, by those *zealous Protestants*, the *Populace* of *Great Britain*; in which they have been sometimes *abetted*, to serve a present Turn, by their Superiors; we don't speak it to their Commendation; yet thus much is certain, that

that the *Effigies* of the *Pretender* has always been designed, to represent the same identical Person, who is now called by that Name, whereas that of the *Pope* was always intended, to represent the Pontiff then reigning, at the Time of such *Military Execution*; and consequently, the said *Pretender* has out-lived divers *Popes*, one having succeeded to another, as fast as the *Holy-See* became vacant, and another cou'd be elected to fill it up: And, in Conformity even to this Circumstance the said *Pretender* has likewise survived *our Pope*; but, as we are our selves zealous *Protestants*, and *inviolably attack'd* to the *House of Hanover*, we both *hope*, and *believe*, he will *never survive* such another; for, if he were to live, till another, *worthy to succeed him*, were to be elected into his place, we are afraid, he must live till *the last Conflagration*, and *the Dissolution* of all Things: The Parallel therefore, we must confess, does not run upon all Four, in this last Instance.

To return from whence this long Digression has led us, we shall proceed next to his Extraction; concerning which, the aforesaid *learned*, but *negligent*, and *inaccurate Biographer*, has left us as much in the dark, as concerning the Month, and Day, whereon he was born; another *unpardonable Omission*, never to be enough lamented! But we are equally in the dark with respect to *Virgil*, and *Homer*. Not being able then, to get any light, touching his Extraction, from the aforementioned Biographer, we will endeavour, in order to oblige the Publick, to give them the most probable Information we can of the Matter; though, not to impose upon them, we must acquaint them, that very various



ous are the Accounts which have been publish'd upon that Head. In Effect, one of the learned Commentators upon our excellent Poet, who, though very much his Friend, leaves us in the dark as to the real Truth, speaking of the various Reports spread, concerning our Poet, by divers Authors his Contemporaries, very fairly confesses, "As little do they agree about his Father, whom one supposeth, like the Father of *Hesiod*, a Tradesman or Merchant; another a Husbandman; another a Hatter, &c. Nor has an Author been wanting, continues he, to give our Poet such a Father, as *Apuleius* hath to *Plato*, *Iamblicus* to *Pythagoras*, and divers to *Homer*, namely, a Demon; For thus Mr. *Gildon*; Certain it is, that his original is not from *Adam*, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but Horns and Tail, to be the exact Resemblance of his infernal Father." From this Chaos of different Opinions let us see what Probability we can extract. And first, a certain anonymous Author who subscribes his name *P. T.* and who, though no great Friend to our Poet, does not express so much Rancour and Inveteracy against him, as many Authors, avers, that his Father was of the younger Branch of a Family in good repute in *Ireland*, and related to the Lords *Downe*, formerly of the same Name. He says farther, that being a posthumous Son, and left little provided for, his elder Brother having what small Estate there was, he was put to a Merchant in *Flanders*, and acquir'd a moderate Fortune by Merchandize, which he quitted at the *Revolution*, in very good Circumstances; and retired to *Wind-*

C sor-



*for-Forest*, where he purchased a small Estate, and took great delight in Husbandry and Gardens. He adds likewise, his Mother was one of seventeen Children, of *William Turner, Esq;* formerly of *Burfit-Hall* in *Yorkshire*.

According to this Account then, *Mr. Pope* had no reason to blush at his Family, either by the side of Father or Mother; and that this is partly Fact, we our selves know; namely, that he bought a small Estate, upon the Skirts of *Windsor-Forest*, at a Place call'd *Binfield* in *Berkshire*, about two Miles from *Oakingham*; and near a Seat of *Sir William Trumbull*, formerly Secretary to King *William III.* Which neighbourhood probably contributed not a little, to the establishing a strict Friendship, between that Gentleman and our Poet, whom we find engaged in a literary Correspondence with that Statesman, whilst yet very young. But to proceed, we have also been credibly informed, by one who was School-fellow with *Mr. Pope*, that his Father kept a Linen Ware-house, and at his decease left his Son worth 5000*l.* Now neither of these Accounts contradicts the other in the least, and, as they seem to be related with Candour, 'tis highly probable they are both true, for they corroborate each other. For Instance, the former says he was put to a Merchant in *Flanders*, acquired a moderate Fortune, and purchased a small Estate, &c. The other says, he kept a Linen Ware-house, and left his Son 5000*l.* Now every one, who has been the least conversant with Foreigners, knows, that any person who keeps a Linen Ware-house in *England*, and deals largely, wou'd, if he were in *Flanders*, or *France*, be call'd a Merchant;

so that in this Circumstance they agree perfectly well ; and again, the former says he purchased a small Estate, and the latter that he died worth 5000 *l.* where is the Contradiction of this ? Might not the Estate he left his Son at *Binfield*, and of which, we believe, he died possess'd, be of that value ? And is it not an usual way of speaking, to say a Man died worth so much, whether it be in Land or Mony ?

Proceed we now to his Education, wherein we shall meet with no less Difficulties than in the former Articles ; we hope, however, to be able to unravel them, and clear them up to our Readers Satisfaction. That we shall meet with no less Difficulties upon this Head, than the former, is evident, from what is alledged by the aforementioned Commentator, who, in his Remarks, on the Testimonies of Authors concerning our Poet, speaks as follows. “ We  
 “ purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage,  
 “ and Education ; but, as to these, even his  
 “ Cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One  
 “ saith, he was educated at Home ; another,  
 “ that he was bred at *St. Omer's*, by the *Jesuits* ; a third, not at *St. Omer's*, but at  
 “ *Oxford* ; a fourth, that he had no University  
 “ Education at all. Those who allow him to  
 “ be bred at Home, differ as much concerning  
 “ his Tutor : One saith, he was kept by his  
 “ Father on purpose ; a second, that he was an  
 “ itinerant Priest ; a third, that he was a Par-  
 “ son ; and one calleth him a secular Clergy-  
 “ man of the Church of *Rome*, another a  
 “ Monk.”

How very contradictory are these several Accounts ? Let us see, however, if by the help



of the School-fellow abovementioned, we can't give one more probable than any of them. His Parents being in good Circumstance, as has been before observed, were willing to give their Son a liberal Education; and accordingly, as they were themselves *Roman Catholicks*, and it was natural for them to be desirous to breed him up in the same Persuasion, they sent him, as soon as he arrived at a proper Age, to a private Seminary, which had been set up at *St. Mary-la-bonne*, by one Mr. *Dean*. This Gentleman had some time before been Fellow of *University-College* in *Oxford*, but happening to be one of those, who changed their Religion in the Reign of King *James II.* he was deprived thereof, together with the Rest of his Fellow-Collegiates, (who had suffered themselves to be perverted in the like manner,) and Mr. *Obadiab Walker* their Principal, when King *William* came to the Crown.

Being reduced, by this means to great Straits, Mr. *Dean* set up the abovementioned Seminary, in order to procure himself a tolerable Subsistence; but a busy Justice in that neighbourhood, such as the World always has been, and ever will be pester'd with, not contented with the Loss he had already sustained, in being deprived of his Fellowship, nor yet with the laborious and disagreeable course of Life, he was obliged to have recourse to for a Livelyhood, being willing to curry Favour with the Government, gave him continual Uneasiness; so that he was forced to remove from thence to a House near *Hyde-Park Corner*, on the very Spot where *Down-street* was afterwards built, which having till then belonged to a Nursery-Garden,



Garden, and consequently having a large open Space adjoining thereto, was not only pleasant and healthy, but perfectly convenient; and the fittest imaginable for the Use for which he designed it.

To this agreeable Abode Mr. *Pope* removed with his Master; and here it was he imbibed the first Principles of that Literature, whereof he afterwards made so good an Use; and no doubt, had Mr. *Dean* liv'd till now, he wou'd have been *more proud*, and *justly so* too, of having instill'd the first Rudiments of Learning into our *incomparable Poet*, than he wou'd have been of having been Tutor to the *Heir-apparent* of the *greatest Monarch* in *Christendom*. To have been Præceptor to a Prince might, and wou'd undoubtedly, have turn'd more to his advantage, but to have initiated Mr. *Pope*, tho' it were but in the very Elements of Grammar, will redound much more to his Honour. The *Memory* of the latter will be eternized, when that of most of our *modern crown'd Heads* will be *forgotten*; or, if they are *remember'd*, it will only be like that of the Villian who burnt the *Temple of Diana* at *Ephesus*, to their perpetual Infamy, as the *Pests* of *Society*, the *Bane* of *Mankind*, and the *heavieſt* of *Scourges* to those, whom they were *bound*, by all the *Ties* of *Honour*, *Gratitude*, and *Religion* to protect.

Begging pardon for this Digression, we shall now return to our Poet, whom we left at Mr. *Dean's*; where how long he continued is uncertain, though we are credibly inform'd, he staid there some Years; as we are likewise of this particular and remarkable Circumstance, that at the Hours of Recreation, whilst the  
Rest

Rest of his School-fellows were diverting themselves at such Games and Sports, as was usual with Boys of their Age, Mr. *Pope* used to amuse himself with Drawing, and such like improving and rational Accomplishments: Which fine Taste, undoubtedly contributed not a little afterwards, to the establishing that cordial Friendship, which always subsisted, between him and that excellent Painter Mr. *Fervas*, till the decease of the latter.

From Mr. *Dean's* our Poet was removed to a private School at *Sylstead*, in *Hampshire*, where he finish'd his Studies, (if a Man can be said to have finish'd them, who was always improving his Mind and Understanding, in one respect or another, to the last Moment of his Life;) for we don't find that he was ever at any University, either at Home, or Abroad; which, no doubt, was owing partly to his being of a Religion, that wou'd not have been tolerated at the former, and of a weak Constitution, which wou'd not admit of his going to any of the latter.

But, however that be, it were greatly to be wish'd, that many of those who have the Advantage to reside for several Years at those Fountains of Learning, wou'd make so good a Use thereof; and cultivate to as great Perfection those Talents, with which kind Nature has endow'd them, as our young Poet, who was destitute of that Benefit, and who probably did not continue even at School much beyond the Age of Fifteen, improved his, for those few Years, whilst he was under the Tuition of a Master.

We say it is highly probable, he did not continue at School much beyond the Age of Fifteen,



Fifteen, because we find him, not long after, namely, when he was not much above Sixteen, not only writing those fine Poems, generally call'd his Pastorals, which were at first publish'd in the same Volume with those of Mr. *Ambrose Philips*, Author of the *Distress'd Mother*, and which were thought, by all but profess'd Criticks, no ways inferior to those of that Gentleman, who was then a Poet of an establish'd Reputation; but engaged in a settled literary Correspondence with Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Walsh*, and divers other Gentlemen of Wit, Learning, Fortune, and Distinction.

Having mentioned those Poems, we ought, in Justice, to inform our Readers, that the Author of the *Guardian* employ'd a whole Paper, in drawing a Parallel between them and the Pastorals of the above-mentioned Mr. *Philips*; wherein, tho' he gives the Preference to the latter as such, not allowing the former to be of that Species of Poetry, yet is he so sensible of their many and uncommon Beauties, that he is forced to acknowledge, tho' they are by no means Pastorals, they are somewhat better. In effect, it is credibly reported, tho' the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*, had the Preference thus given them by Sir *Richard Steele*, with whom that Gentleman lived in the greatest Intimacy, yet did this attempt of Mr. *Pope* in writing them, and more especially the kind Reception they met with from the Publick, create such a Heart-burning in the former, who look'd upon it as an audacious Attempt to vie with him, that he could never cordially forgive it; but took all Opportunities of expressing his Dislike and Disesteem of our Poet.

Having

Having thus endeavour'd to gratify the Curiosity of our Readers, as to his Birth, Extraction, and Education, we shall next proceed, for the same Reason, to give some Account of his Person; tho' this has been so frequently done, and with such Rancour and Inveteracy by his Enemies, besides his having been almost universally known, that we might very well spare ourselves the Trouble. However, as there are Two Sorts of Likeness in Painting, one of which rather flatters the Original than otherwise, whereas, the other is in the contrary Extreme, and rather heightens Blemishes than hides them, and as most of the Pictures drawn for him by his Adversaries, are in that Style which the *Italians* call *Carrecatura*, we shall endeavour to give such a Description of him as shall avoid both Extremes, neither flattering nor aggravating the Original: Tho' we must own, we can't conceive, how any one is responsible for personal Defects; since it is very certain, all the Race of *Adam* would be as handsome as Angels, if they could. In effect, no Man of Sense, will ever reproach another for what he can't help; and what consequently is his Misfortune, but but not his Crime; we can't but think, therefore, that Mr. *Pope's* Enemies, by such an absurd, unchristian, and disingenuous Behaviour, rather did him a Kindness than otherwise; since all their indecent and ungentlemanlike Reproaches reverted upon themselves; prepossess'd the Publick in his Favour; and seem'd a kind of tacit Acknowledgment, that he had no other Defects, than those which were personal, as they were constantly forced to have Recourse to them,



them, in all their virulent Invectives, and Libels against him.

To return then, from whence we have digress'd, we will not pretend to deny, that Mr. Pope's Person, had nothing in it, which would have prepossess'd one in his Favour; as little shall we attempt to conceal, that he was rather deform'd than otherwise; having the Misfortune to be *crooked*, or what is vulgarly called *Hump-back'd*; but then we would have every one consider, this was probably owing, to his having been born of a tender Constitution, and to bad nursing; we would advise them, therefore, rather to thank Heaven, they are not so themselves, than to reflect upon others, who are more the Objects of Pity, than Contempt.

In Effect, we are firmly persuaded, and could give very good Reasons, in support of our Opinion, that most of these Accidents, are entirely owing, either to unskilful Midwives, or careless and lazy Nurses, and that Providence generally does his Part, in giving to all his Creatures their right Shape and Make. It is true, a Mother during her Pregnancy, by having mis'd of somewhat for which she long'd, or gazing too attentively upon a disagreeable Object, or even by a Fright, may mark a Child unaccountably; but, for One who suffers by this means, Twenty are ruin'd by those above-mentioned.

Having said thus much, in order to bring our Countrymen to a right way of thinking upon this Head, let us now see, whether this Misfortune of our Poet, (bating what he *suffered* himself, by a sickly Constitution) was not rather an Advantage to him, than otherwise: And,

D

if

if we can make it appear by Evidence, who are superior to all Suspicion of *mean Flattery* or *Adulation*, and against whose Testimony no Objection can be started, that, whilst he constantly languish'd under an ill State of Health, and a crazy Constitution, he supported all his Affliction with *Chearfulness* and *Resolution*, and was not only an *agreeable*, but an *improving* Companion; nay, that he was even a Man of a *benevolent* and *beneficent* Disposition, and was courted both by the *greatest* and *best* of Men; that he likewise bore, for many Years, with the utmost Equanimity, the causeless and impotent Persecution of his Adversaries; if we say, we can undeniably prove all this, we are apt to believe, that such a Behaviour, under such Tryals, as would have sour'd almost any other Man's Temper, and made him *peevish*, *fretful*, *impatient* of *Thwarting*, and *revengeful*, will turn greatly to his Honour; even more so, than if he had not laboured under those Disadvantages.

A Gentleman of great Judgment, and fine Sense, who likewise knew the World very well, and was perfectly acquainted with Mankind, being not only himself a Person of a good Taste, but an excellent Writer, tho' he had the Misfortune some way to disoblige Mr. *Pope*, after having justly observed, that, for the generality, a mishapen Body is attended with as crooked a Disposition, proceeds to say; " It must be confessed, however, there has been now and  
 " then an Instance, of a *great* and *generous* Soul,  
 " which, tho' shut up in a *wretched* and *de-*  
 " *formed* Carcase, has retained a Benevolence  
 " towards the *human Species*. *Afop*, continues  
 " he, is a remarkable Example of what I am  
 " saying:



“ saying : The *whole Life* of that most excellent  
 “ Person, notwithstanding his *mean Birth*, and  
 “ *frightful Figure*, was employ’d for the *Benefit*,  
 “ and *Service* of Mankind.” He then proceeds  
 to give a short Detail of his Services to his *cruel*  
*Master XANTHUS*; to his native Country  
*Samos*; and his *generous Forgiveness* of the *blackest*  
*Ingratitude* in his adopted Son *Ennus*, who had  
 made an Attempt upon his Life; and whom,  
 nevertheless, he not only pardoned, but restored  
 again to his Favour. Having thus enumerated  
 the many Virtues, of this admirable Heathen,  
 who labour’d under so many Misfortunes and  
 Disadvantages, he sum’d up the whole with this  
 just Remark: “ The best-humour’d Man alive,  
 “ can hardly imagine, how *severe a Tryal* it  
 “ would be of his *Good-nature*, if his Soul was  
 “ cas’d in a *Body*, whose *Deformity* attracted  
 “ all Eyes; distinguish’d him from the *Rest* of  
 “ his Species; and debar’d him from some of  
 “ the most *elegant Pleasures*, and *greatest Satis-*  
 “ *factions* in human Life.”

Now, if we allow the Justice of this Obser-  
 vation, and we believe no Man of Sense, and  
 good Judge of human Nature, will deny it, we  
 think it is, undesignedly, one of the *highest Com-*  
*pliments*, that could possibly be paid to Mr. Pope;  
 who, throughout his Life, seems, without know-  
 ing it, to have copied after this *incomparable*  
*Pattern*; at least, as far as the Similitude of  
 Circumstances would allow. ’Tis true, our Poet  
 could not repay the Cruelties of his Master  
 with continual Services; because he had no  
 Master, and was not born a Slave, having an  
*independent Fortune*; a Circumstance, we believe,  
 has not a little mortify’d his *envious Adversaries*:

Neither, indeed, can it be said of him, that, like *Æsop*, he has *prevented* an *Invasion* of his native Country; on the contrary, we are afraid, some may be found amongst his Enemies, who would be ready to swear, he was willing to have brought one upon it; and yet, we can't help thinking, had some Persons, whom it most concerned, carefully read his *Moral Essays*, and, as the Parsons say, *inwardly digested them*; that is, reduced them into Practice, (especially those which inveigh against *Luxury*, *Bribery*, *Corruption*, *Avarice*, and *Dishonesty*) by putting a Stop to these Vices, as much as was in their Power; and particularly by their own Examples; this would have prevented, in a great measure, the Growth of *Oppression*, *Discontent*, and *Dissatisfaction*; and consequently, our Enemies could not have flatter'd themselves, with the Hopes of being joined, by any Malecontents amongst ourselves; upon the Prospect of which alone the late Invasion was founded. Again, it can't be alledg'd, indeed, that he has generously pardoned an adopted Son, who had conspired against his Life; but then, it may be truly said, he has borne, for many Years, with the *utmost Equanimity* and *Long-suffering*, the many *unprovok'd Insults* and *Libels*, of a *Schoal* of *worthless Scribes*; and if, at last, he took Pen in Hand to *chastise them*, it was only as a *tender Father* CORRECTS his Child, in order to his *Amendment*; and more out of *Love*, than *Hatred*.

But, we shall be told, perhaps, what we here advance, is but our own *ipse dixit*, and can go for no more than so many *Gratis Dicta*; let us see, therefore, if we cannot bring the Testimony of divers others, against whom



no Exception can lie, neither in point of Judgment, nor Partiality. And the first we shall cite on this Occasion, shall be, the most noble and learned *John Sheffield*, Duke of *Buckingham*; who, speaking of our Poet, sums up his Character as follows:

*And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a Thing,  
As the great Iliad, scarce cou'd make me sing,  
Unless I justly cou'd at once commend  
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend;  
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd Deed,  
Can all Desert in Sciences exceed.*

Upon which we shall only observe, all those, who had the Honour of being acquainted with his Grace, well know, that he was seldom, if ever, guilty of Flattery; and that *Good-nature* was not his *distinguishing Character*; whence we may justly conclude, these Lines were extorted from him; by Mr. *Pope's* singular and uncommon Merit. But, to proceed, the next Evidence we shall bring is, that of the Honourable Mr. *Simon Harcourt*, the Son, as we believe, of the late Lord *Harcourt*, who thus expresses himself in Praise of our Poet.

*Say, wond'rous Youth, what Column wilt thou  
choose,  
What laurel'd Arch, for thy triumphant Muse?  
Tho' each great Antient court thee to his Shrine,  
Tho' ev'ry Laurel through the Dome be thine,  
Go to the Good and Just, an awful Train,  
Thy Soul's Delight.*

The next we shall produce is, the Testimony of Mr. *Walter Hart*, not inferior to the two former.

O!

*O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with Praise!  
 Blest in thy Life, and blest in all thy Lays.  
 Add, that the Sisters ev'ry Thought refine,  
 And ev'n thy Life be faultless as thy Line;  
 Yet Envy still with fiercer Rage pursues,  
 Obscures the Virtue, and defames the Muse.  
 A Soul like thine, in Pain, in Grief, resign'd,  
 Views with just Scorn the Malice of Mankind.*

The next whom we shall call as an Evidence, is the learned Dr. *Edward Young*, Author of many excellent Pieces, and particularly the Tragedy of *Busiris*, and those admirable Satires, entitled, the *Universal Passion*: This Gentleman, wishing some Stop were put to the Corruption, and Vices of the Age, calls upon our Poet to undertake the arduous Task, so worthy of that Virtue, whereof he was a profess'd Admirer, and Votary: Hear his own words.

*Why Slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses Train,  
 Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?*

Yet again, hear Mr. *Mallet*, in his Epistle on verbal Criticism, where, speaking of our Poet, he says,

*Whose Life, severely scan'd, transcends his Lays,  
 For Wit supreme, is but his second Praise.*

Mr. *Hammond*, who has so successfully and correctly imitated *Tibullus*, in his *Love Elegies*, shall next make his Appearance, and give his Testimony as follows:

*Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the Age,  
 In low pursuit of self-undoing Wrong;  
 And trace the Author through his moral Page,  
 Whose blameless Life still answers to his Song.*



After him comes the ingenious Mr. *Thompson*. Author of that fine Poem called *Britannia*, who, in his elegant and philosophical Poem upon the *Seasons*, thus expresses himself concerning Mr. *Pope*.

*Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.*

Next to him appears the Reverend Mr. *William Broome*, who thus sings,

*Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's Cause,  
From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring  
Laws.*

We shall close the whole, with the Testimony of the learned and Reverend Dr. *Swift*, Dean of St. *Patrick's* in *Dublin*, which alone is worth a thousand others. This incomparable Writer thus speaks of our Poet:

*Hail, happy Pope, whose gen'rous Mind,  
Disliking all the Statesman Kind,  
Contemning Courts, at Courts unseen,  
Refus'd the Visits of a ———  
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,  
By Patriots, Priests, or Poets taught ;  
Whose filial Piety excells,  
Whatever Grecian Story tells ;  
A Genius for all Stations fit,  
Whose meanest Talent is his Wit :  
His Heart too Great, though Fortune little,  
To lick a Rascal Statesman's Spittle ; &c.*

Upon which we shall only observe, that Dr. *Swift* was never reckoned a Flatterer ; as  
may

may be seen by some Lines in the same Poem, where speaking of himself, he says,

*Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate,  
Both —'s and Ministers of State.*

Numberless others we cou'd produce, and some even of his most profess'd Enemies, who have at times join'd in his Applause, but these suffice ; wherefore, we shall now proceed, to sum up the Evidence with the utmost Impartiality, as follows. If Mr. *Pope*, whilst labouring under an *ill-state of Health*, and an *infirm and sickly Constitution*, as likewise whilst he was *daily pester'd* with *unprovok'd Satires* and *Libels*, many of them from *anonymous Scribblers*, who were *asham'd* or *afraid* of owning their *Billingsgate* and *Grubstreet* Productions ; if Mr. *Pope*, we say, under all these Misfortunes and Persecutions cou'd be a *good Companion*, and *firm Friend*, as is allowed by the Duke of *Buckingham* : If the *Good* and *Just* were his *Soul's Delight*, as is affirm'd by Mr. *Harcourt* ; if he was as *blest* in his *Life*, as his *Lays* ; if his *Life* was as *faultless* as his *Lines*, and while *Rage* and *Envy* in vain *pursued* and *obscured* his *Virtue*, and *defam'd* his *Muse*, if his *Soul* was equally *resign'd* in *Pain* or *Grief*, and look'd down with just *Scorn* on the *Malice* of *Mankind*, as is asserted by Mr. *Hare* ; if he was a *Lover* of *Virtue* as is testified by Dr. *Young*, and his *Life* when *severely scann'd*, surpass'd his *Lays*, so that his being the first of Poets was but his second Praise ; his being a *good Man* being yet more Praise-worthy, as we are assured by Mr. *Mallet* ; if his *blameless Life* answer'd to his Song, that is, if he reduced into Practice all the Lessons



sons he taught in his *Moral Essays*, as Mr. *Hammond* avers ; if his *amiable Conduct* in Life was more *endearing*, than his excellent Poems, as is witness'd by Mr. *Thompson* ; if he needed only to transcribe the *Unerring Laws* of *Virtue* from his own *Life*, as we are told by Mr. *Broome* ; and lastly, if whilst groaning under the Pressure of all these Evils, he had a Soul *fraught* with every *Virtue*, that is taught by *Patriots*, *Priests*, or *Poets*, and to sum up all, *filial Piety* beyond all we read in Story, as we are assured by Dr. *Swift*, who best knew him ; we shall make no Scruple to declare, that he made these his Misfortunes turn to his *endless Honour* here, and we doubt not, to his perpetual Happiness hereafter.

Come we now to the Temper, Character, and Principles of our Poet, which may all be treated of under one Head, and concerning which we shall find as great a variety of Opinions, as concerning any of the foregoing Articles whatsoever ; for, whilst his Friends think no Encomiums too great for him ; his Enemies, on the contrary, deem no Invectives too severe, nor no Scurrilities or Names too bad for him. How shall we do, then, to arrive at the Truth, how steer between these two Extremes, which like the Rock of *Scylla*, and the Gulph *Charydes*, stand on each side, to destroy the unfortunate Vessel that ventures between them, unless she is steer'd by a very cautious and experienced Pilot : Let us not be wholly discourag'd, however, perhaps we may be able to find some friendly Clue, which may guide us through this Labyrinth of Difficulties. And, in order to this,

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we will follow the same method, which is usually observed in our Courts of Justice, to investigate, and search out any intricate and abstruse Point, which does not lie obvious, even to the most diligent Enquiry, or the most profound Penetration.

We know, for Instance, there are several Suits brought before our Courts of Justice, wherein it is morally impossible, if we judge according to outward Appearances, to determine which side is in the right, and which in the wrong; as when there are a number of Witnesses on each side, who swear point-blank contrary to each other, concerning a Matter of Fact, upon which the whole depends. What does a discerning Judge, and a prudent and impartial Jury, in such a perplex'd Affair? Why they coolly weigh the Credit and Characters of the Evidence on both Sides, and then give a Verdict for that, where there is least Suspicion of Collusion, Artifice, or Corruption. Just in the same manner shall we proceed on this Occasion; by which means, we believe, we shall soon be able to come to the Truth.

On one side then we see appear a numerous Train of Dukes, Dutcheffes, Lords, Ladies, Baronets, Esquires, all Persons of the greatest Distinction, whether for Rank, Probity, or Learning; and of all Parties, both *Whigs*, and *Tories*, Presbyterians, and Papists, whether of the Clergy or Laity, old or young, who join in bearing their concurrent Testimony to the many Virtues which continually adorned our Poet's Life; and unanimously agree, that those admirable Lessons of Virtue, which abound in every



every Page of his Moral Essays, are no more than Transcripts, of what he constantly practis'd every day he breath'd.

And what do we see on the other side, but a multitude of *envious Wretches*, equally inconsiderable (if we except two or three) either for their Rank, Merit, or Works, *perfect Musk-rooms*, whose Productions, like themselves, sprung up, and will dye in a Day; or *Owls*, whose *tender Eyes* can't bear the *Lustre* of the *Sun*? In a word, what do we see, but *miserable Poetasters*, whose Works having been bury'd in Oblivion, almost as soon as publish'd, has created in them an implacable Aversion to every thing that is excellent; and excited in them a Desire, since they could not raise themselves up to the Beauties of our Poet, to pull him down by their Invectives, and Aspersions, to their own Level: But, in vain, poor Creatures, do they attempt so impossible a thing? They must first banish all *good Sense*, and *Taste* out of the World; for, as long as either of them remain, at least, as long as the *English Tongue* remains, will Mr. *Pope's* Works be read and admired, and his Character belov'd and esteem'd. Upon the whole, we see almost all the *Great* and *Good* ranged on one side, and all the *dull* and *worthless* on the other, and each giving so different a Character of our Poet, that from the one, a Stranger wou'd be apt to conclude him an *Angel*, from the other, a *Devil*: Which shall we believe? Common Charity ought to incline us to the most favourable, were there nothing else to constrain our Assent, but, as there is, the Case is quite out of Doubt. In Effect, who can remain one Moment in Suspence, when

without any other Evidence to contradict them, than those Wretches abovementioned, it is universally agreed by all who had the Happiness of being acquainted with him, that, he was an *agreeable Companion*, a *sincere Friend*, and a *down-right honest Man*, which one Title alone includes all moral Virtues: Nay more, though he was by Principle a *Roman Catholick*, and consequently a *Nonjuror*, he was a *good Christian*, a *Lover of his Country*, a *strenuous Assertor of Liberty*, an *Enemy to Corruption*, and a *severe Scourge to Vice*, and *Folly*, even though in Prosperity. He was *no Bigot*, *no Party Man*, *no Friend to Persecution*, *no Time-server*, nor *no Flatterer*, not even of *the Great*, nor when in the *Zenith* of their Power; in short, he was a Man of *universal Benevolence*, and *Beneficence*, and to crown all, a *most dutiful and affectionate Son*, and a *kind Brother*, of which, if we are rightly informed, he has given himself manifest Proof, in the very last Scene of his Life.

This is the Character which a Cloud of Witnesses, all unexceptionable for their *Merit*, *Judgment*, and *Integrity*, and above all *Temptation to servile Flattery*, or *mean Adulation*, have agreed to be justly due to Mr. Pope; and if any one shou'd accuse them of Partiality, or being prepossess'd in his Favour, we cou'd easily remove that Objection, by proving every Particular here asserted, from several Passages in his own private Letters. If they should object to these likewise, as liable to the Suspicion, of having been written purposely, with Design to be publish'd, we answer, we would only refer to those, which cannot be suspected of any such Design, having been publish'd from a surreptitious



titious Copy, committed to the Press, not only without our Poet's Knowledge, but against his Will. It is entirely needless, however, to give our selves the trouble, as it wou'd be to demonstrate that the Sun shines at Noon, on a bright Summer's Day; because it is manifest, to every Person of common Sense, who has perused his Moral Essays, with any degree of Attention, that the Man who wrote them, was actuated with a Spirit of *universal Benevolence*, and not only was a Friend to Mankind in general, but an Enemy to none, except those, who are the Pests and Nufances of Society.

If any doubt, however, of this shou'd still remain, there is one Circumstance, which has never been sufficiently attended to, and which will set that Point in such a *glaring Light*, as must convince even one, who is not resolved to shut his Eyes against Conviction: It is this, the amiable manner in which Mr. *Pope* conversed with his Acquaintance, and Friends; and that, even at a time when the Rage of Parties was at the highest, and they, who before had been united in the strictest Bonds of Amity, for many Years, were then ready to cut each others Throats.

At this ticklish Juncture, our Poet, though he was greatly in Favour with the Earl of *Oxford*, the Lords *Bolingbroke*, and *Harcourt*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, Dr. *Swift*, Mr. *Prior*, and others of the *Tory* Party, was not less so with Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Craggs*, the Earl of *Halifax*, and many more of the *Whigs*. Whence cou'd this proceed, but from that even Temper, that agreeable Conversation, that universal Benevolence, and that inoffensive Carriage, which endeared him equally to every  
one,

one, who was not eaten up with Envy and Malice !

Again, when the Difference happen'd between the Lords *Oxford*, and *Bolingbroke*, a little before the Demise of that excellent and never-to-be-enough lamented Princess, *Queen Anne*, tho' it grew to such a Height, that those two Peers were never reconciled to each other, yet this produced no manner of Alteration in their Behaviour to our Poet ; who was still equally carefs'd by both of them, and equally welcome whenever he made a Visit to either. This certainly must be owing to an *uncommon Discretion*, and *Moderation* in *Mr. Pope*, in not entering into the Resentments of any Party, or Person ; which was the more remarkable, and admirable in him, as he was then so young a Man, not being, at the utmost, above the Age of Twenty-six.

By this unexceptionable Conduct, however, tho' *Mr. Pope* preserved the Friendship, of almost all whose Friendship was worth preserving, that is, all the Men of Sense, Humanity, and Virtue, yet he thereby disobliged all the Zealots of both Parties, whose Friendship, consequently, was not worth courting, or cultivating ; it is not, therefore, to be wonder'd at, that he was either privately rail'd at, or publickly attack'd, by many Enemies ; especially when we consider, they were readily joined, by a considerable Reinforcement, of those, whom his superior Merit, and the concurrent Applauses of the Publick, had before render'd *absolutely disaffected* to him, if we may use that Expression, on this Occasion, (tho' we don't see why it is not as *proper* in *Low-Life*, as in *High-Life*) and who ought, therefore, to be reckon'd as suspected Persons.

Of



Of both of these our Poet emphatically complains, in a Letter to Mr. *Addison*, dated Jan. 30. 1713-14. and taken out of the surreptitious Copy before-mentioned, an evident Proof it was not designed to be printed. Having given that Gentleman a humorous Account of his being deeply employ'd in the Translation of *Homer*, and the Difficulties he had to encounter therein, he proceeds to say; " While I am engaged in the Fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid; and are solicitous that I may not have the ill Fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envy'd, and malign'd, then, perhaps, prais'd, and, lastly, neglected. The former, (the constant Attendant upon all great and laudable Enterprizes) I have already experienc'd. Some have said, that I am not a Master of the *Greek*, who are either for themselves, or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't, without having catechiz'd me. But, if they can read, (for I know some Criticks can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, some Specimens of my Translation, from this Author, in the *Miscellanies*, to which they are heartily welcome. I have met with as much Malignity another way; some calling me a *Tory*, because the Heads of that Party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a *Whig*, because I have been favour'd with yours, Mr. *Congreve's*, and Mr. *Craggs* his Friendship, and, of late, with my Lord *Hallifax's* Patronage. How much more natural a Conclusion might be form'd, by any good-natur'd Man, that a Person, who has been well used

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“ by all Sides, has been offensive to none!  
 “ This miserable Age is so sunk between the  
 “ Animosities of Party, and those of Religion,  
 “ that, I begin to fear, most Men have Poli-  
 “ ticks enough, to make (through Violence)  
 “ the best Scheme of Government a bad one;  
 “ and Faith enough to hinder their own Salva-  
 “ tion. I hope, for my own part, never to  
 “ have more of either than is consistent with  
 “ common Justice, and Charity, and always as  
 “ much as becomes a Christian, and an honest  
 “ Man. Tho’ I find it to be an unfortunate  
 “ Thing to be a *Papist* here, where one is ob-  
 “ noxious to four parts in five, as being so too  
 “ much, and to the fifth, as being so too little,  
 “ I shall yet be easy under both their Mistakes,  
 “ and be what I more than seem to be, for I  
 “ suffer for it. God is my Witness, that I no  
 “ more envy you Protestants your Places and  
 “ Possessions, than I do our Priests their Cha-  
 “ rity and Learning. I am ambitious of no-  
 “ thing, but the good Opinion of good Men,  
 “ on both Sides; for I know that one Virtue  
 “ of a free Spirit, is more worth, than all the  
 “ Virtues put together, of all the narrow-soul’d  
 “ People in the World. *I am, Yours, &c.*”

If this Extract, which we have, therefore,  
 made for that very Reason, does not breathe a  
 Spirit of universal Benevolence, and Beneficence,  
 we scarce know any one that ever did; and we  
 could cite many others, written in the same  
 Stile, and with the same generous Sentiments;  
 but, we think, this alone may suffice, for all  
 who are endued with any degree of Candour;  
 and, for such as are not, our Labour would be  
 only thrown away upon them: Besides, the Man  
 is



is now deceased; at least, as much of him as could die, to the irreparable Loss of his Country; and that at a Time when he never was more wanted: We hope, therefore, the Malice and Envy of his impotent Detractors will die with him, and not rake into the Ashes of the Dead, but suffer them to rest in Peace, a Favour they would never allow their Proprietor when living.

This Reflection leads us naturally to consider, what it could be, which could draw upon our Poet such a Load of Obloquy, Calumny, and Slander; from Persons, most of whom had no personal Knowledge of him, and to whom consequently, it was scarce possible, he should have given any other Offence, than that which the Sun gives to weak Eyes, namely, by *shining*. In Effect, upon mature Examination, we shall find this was his sole Crime; and that, in Proportion as he broke out upon the World with greater Lustre, their Spleen, Malice, and Envy, increased: This has been the Fate of Great Men in all Ages; and the suffering it is a sort of Tax, laid upon their Merit, which they have always been forced to pay, and, we are afraid, ever will, in *Sæcula Sæculorum*.

Towards furnishing this Tax, never was Man more heavily assess'd than our Poet; and we may venture to affirm, never did any one contribute his Assessment, with greater Indifference, and even Chearfulness; tho', to shew he was not altogether insensible, of his being severely dealt with, he did vouchsafe sometimes) but very seldom) to take notice of his ill-natur'd Assessors, and bestow upon them, what they much wanted, a little Correction.

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We have already observed, that the Publication of his Pastorals, and more especially their being printed in the same Volume with the Eclogues of another Gentleman, (which look'd like their being set in Competition, and to vie for Mastery) is generally believed to have created in that Author so great a Disgust to Mr. *Pope*, that he could never heartily forgive him; tho' he concealed his Resentment for some Time, under the Mask of a cold Civility.

By this we may learn, that Rivals in Poetry are as little to be borne, as Rivals in Love; and, indeed, (such is the Depravity of human Nature!) Competitors, in any kind, can very seldom, if ever, behold each other with a favourable Eye. An imperious Beauty can no more bear a *Rival Toast*, than the House of *Bourbon* can endure the House of *Austria*; and it is far from being the least Commendation, of those two immortal Heroes, Prince *Eugene*, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, that they were never infected with this *low Envy*; but always lived in a cordial Friendship for each other. This is a Pitch of Virtue, to which none but the greatest Minds can arrive; it is not, therefore, to be wonder'd at, that Mr. *Pope* did not meet with the same Candour and Generosity from his Adversaries, for Competitors, we can't call them; there having, indeed, been but one of his Contemporaries, who could ever be any way put in Competition with him.

One would be surprized, indeed, what that low Herd of impotent Scribblers could mean, by perpetually attacking our Poet; or what Advantage they could propose to themselves by so doing; had we never read of *Zoilus*, *Bavius*,  
and



and *Herostratus*: In effect, there are but two Reasons can possibly be assigned for it; the one is, that having no Hopes of living either at the Time present, or, after their Decease, in the Memory of Posterity, by any other of their own Works, they might flatter themselves with the Hopes, not only of procuring a present Subsistence, by their Invectives against so famous a Man, but, if they could once provoke him to take Notice of them, of living hereafter in his Labours.

In the latter of these Expectations, however, Mr. *Pope*, with great Ill-nature, for a long Time, uncharitably disappointed them; behaving to them just in the same manner, as a generous Mastiff, who has a hundred Curs yelping after him, namely, by walking quietly along, without deigning to meddle with any of them; unless it be now and then, when they are too troublesome, and quite outrageous, to lift up his Leg and piss upon them. There is yet another Motive, by which these profound Politicians may possibly have been instigated, in this their otherwise unaccountable Behaviour; namely, to pull Mr. *Pope* down to their Level, since they found, by woful Experience, they could never hope to soar to his; which puts us in mind, of the *Matchiavilian* Stratagem, of an arch Chimney-Sweeper, from whom these Gentlemen seem to have copied. This cunning Fellow, with some others of his Brethren, being to go to one of those Places of Resort, which were formerly so much in Vogue, amongst Persons in Low-Life, call'd *Hops*; whether *Beveridge's*, or *Birkhead's*, we will not pretend to aver; found his Comrades in great Perplexity, how

to make themselves look as *clean*, and *smug*, as the Rest of the Company; and, as they long endeavour'd in vain to *rub* and *scrub* themselves for that Purpose, D--mn it, says our Politician, throwing away the Water, they were wasting so fruitlessly, what a Pox are we doing, like a Parcel of Puppies? Let us e'en go just as we are, and rush into the midst of them; by which means, *if we can't make ourselves as clean as them, we shall be sure to make them as black as ourselves*: We leave our Readers, and the surviving Enemies of Mr. *Pope*, to make the Application; but, to return from whence we have digress'd:

Tho' the Gentleman before-mentioned had the Discretion, for some time, to conceal his Malignity, and Resentment, others had not; but, on the publishing some more excellent Pieces of our Poet's, as the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Essay on Criticism*, *Windsor-Forest*, and the *Temple of Fame*, broke out into all the Outrage and Scurrility imaginable. This, however, very little affected him, as knowing them to be below his Regard; and that, to attempt to put a Stop to their impotent Malice, by replying to them, would not only be as much in vain, but as much mispending his Time, as the Traveller, who dismounted from his Steed, to kill the Flies which came buzzing about him, on a hot Summer's Day; whereas, had he let them alone, and pursued his Journey, they would have dy'd themselves, and their Memory perish'd with them, in a few Weeks. But, he must either have been something more than human, to have always preserved that Indifference and Disregard of them, or invincibly stupid, to have been insensible of them; especially when,  
if



if we are rightly informed, he was not only insulted in the most cruel manner, but used with the greatest Injustice; as he himself complains in his Letters, by Persons, who ought to have been above giving him such Treatment.

We have already premised, that Mr. *Pope* had the Misfortune not only to be crooked, but of a very tender and sickly Constitution; this Consideration alone, ought, one would have thought, to have been a sufficient Protection to him from any Outrage, especially from a generous Mind; as their Weakness is to the Fair Sex; unless he had been guilty of any unpardonable Affront, or Injury. Whether he was so or not, we will not pretend to determine, only we shall say, no such Thing appears to us; and if we may judge, from the constant Tenor of his Conduct, we have no Reason to imagine he was. But, however that be, it is credibly reported, that the ingenious Author of the *Distress'd Mother*, (undoubtedly conceiving himself highly injured by our Poet) carried his Resentment so far, that bringing a large Rod to *Button's Coffee-House*, near *Covent-Garden*, then the Place of Resort for all the most celebrated Wits, he caused it to be stuck up in the Publick Coffee-Room, and vow'd to exercise it upon him, the first time he should meet him there.

Whether this Matter was afterwards compromised between them, or not, by the Interposition of their common Friends, we are not certain; only we are assured, they were never cordially reconciled; and we find Mr. *Pope*, in his Letters, complaining as highly of Injustice done him by that Gentleman, as he could possibly of any Injuries done him by our Poet; and  
to

to this mutual Animosity, we believe, it was owing, that Mr. *Pope* has assigned him a Place in the *Dunciad*, though otherwise that Gentleman was not without Merit. Upon the whole, we can't help thinking, that Mr. *Philips* did not gain any great Honour by this his Treatment of our Poet; as it was notoriously known, the Misfortune of his Crookedness, render'd him incapable of resenting it in the manner, to which his Spirit wou'd otherwise probably have prompted him.

The abovementioned Insult, however, cruel and publick as it was, did not near so much affect Mr. *Pope*, as another Mortification he receiv'd, not very long after, from a Person, for whom he had the greatest value, we mean the incomparable Mr. *Addison*. To set this Matter in a true Light, and vindicate our Poet from the Charge of Ingratitude, the most odious of all Vices, with which he has been branded on this Account, it will be necessary to recur, to what probably gave Rise to the Misunderstanding, between these two admirable Writers; whose Memory will ever be esteem'd and honour'd by all Britons. The Publick need not be inform'd, that Mr. *Addison*, and Sir *Richard Steele*, were greatly instrumental in introducing Mr. *Pope* with so great *Eclat* to the World; nor yet, that Mr. *Addison* was the very Person, who engag'd our Poet in the Translation of *Homer's Iliad*. As to the former of these, the *Spectators*, and *Guardians* are manifest Evidences of it, and as to the latter, it evidently appears, from the Preface to the *Iliad*, which was printed some time before Mr. *Addison's* decease: as also by that Gentleman's own Letters to Mr. *Pope*  
of



of *October* 26, and *November* 2, 1713. which fortunately happen to be inserted, in the surreptitious Collection of Letters beforementioned, and cannot therefore reasonably be objected against. Nay, which is yet more, we find the same Gentleman, even by Mr. *Pope's* own acknowledgment, in the Extract we have already made, from his Letter of *January* 30, 1713-14, anxious about the Advantage, he was to reap from that Work.

After so many and such valuable Acts of Friendship, it was very natural, for the World to be surpris'd, at finding any Coldness between these Gentlemen; and much more so, at seeing a very keen Satire written by the latter upon the former. They had been Witnesses of Mr. *Addison's* warm Recommendations of Mr. *Pope*, and undoubtedly cou'd not but judge, they must be of considerable Service to him; consequently it was not to be wonder'd at, that they tax'd him with the blackest Ingratitude; and which way shall we clear Mr. *Pope* of this heavy Charge? The Task, we must confess, is something hard; however, we shall endeavour at it; and that only by laying before our Readers, the true State of the Case, with the utmost Impartiality, and our Poet's Defence of himself; which if it shou'd not entirely disculpate him in their Opinion, must, at least, be allow'd a great Mitigation of the Guilt. Not that we shall pretend to say Mr. *Pope* was free from all Frailties, what meer Man ever was? Only we hope, if he did suffer himself, to be transported too far in his Resentment, the ungenerous Usage he met with, from his former Friend, will in a great measure plead his Excuse.

How

How often have we found the dearest Friends, and those Men, in other Respects, of the utmost Probity, Generosity, and Honour, break not only through all the Ties of Friendship, but violate all the Laws of Nature, and Humanity, and imbrue their Hands in each other's Blood, on becoming Rivals in Love? And yet even these, have met with some Quarter from the World, and been rather pitied than condemn'd. And why so? for this obvious Reason, because every one was ready, to make their Case his own; and therefore wou'd not answer, to what Lengths he might have been carried, had he been in their Place.

Let us follow the same Rule, in judging on this Occasion; and consider, that *Fame*, though a very unsubstantial Mistress, is a Lady, of which all those who have any Pretence to her Favour, are infinitely more jealous, than any one can be, of any real Object of his Affections; and that a Rival in the one, is as little to be borne, as a Competitor in the other: If there shou'd, then, be any probable Reason to think, that Mr. *Addison*, after having contributed so much, towards establishing our Poet in the good Graces of the Town, began afterwards, upon seeing him succeed so much beyond his Expectations, to envy him; to be sorry for what he had done; and like a Cow, which has given a good Pail of Milk, shou'd endeavour to kick it down; in a word, if he meditated underhand, to subvert and destroy the Fabrick, he had, in a great measure, contributed to raise; can it be thought unpardonable in Mr. *Pope*, if he attempted to make some Reprizals.

Mr.



Mr. *Addison*, as was before observ'd, was ready and willing to introduce Mr. *Pope* to the Town, as a promising Genius; just as a Man, who thinks himself sure of the Affections of his Mistress, wou'd be ready to introduce into her Company, an agreeable Acquaintance; but he never imagin'd our Poet, wou'd arrive at such a Perfection in his Art, as to become his own Rival; wherefore, when he found, too late, that he really was so, and that Mr. *Pope* was as great a Favourite with the Town as even himself, he began to repent, of his good Offices to him, and, if common Fame says true, contriv'd clandestinely to undermine him.

But, as his own warm Recommendations, stared him full in the Face, in his *Spectators*, and *Free-holders*, it was necessary, for his own Credit, he shou'd neither openly recant, nor appear, in such an ill-natur'd Design; he employ'd, therefore, as is said, a very ingenious Gentleman, to set up in Competition against him, and vye with him in the Translation of *Homer*; some, indeed, don't scruple to aver, that Mr. *Addison* did it himself, and only got that Gentleman to father it; and really it was not without Merit; neither need any one, not even Mr. *Addison* himself, have blush'd to own it; nay, Sir *Richard Steele*, in his Preface to the Comedy call'd the *Drummer*, declares it to be the Opinion, that Mr. *Addison* was indisputably the Author. However that be, as soon as it made its Appearance, that Gentleman cry'd it up exceedingly; gave it the Preference of Mr. *Pope's*; and, though he did not expressly detract from the latter, insinuated indirectly that there was no Comparison; and that, to use the

Hints then dropt by his Partizans, Mr. *Tickell's* was *Homer*, but Mr. *Pope's* was *Pope*. This being the Case, and Mr. *Pope* receiving daily Informations, of clandestine and indirect Practices, to prejudice his Reputation as a Writer, in the Opinion of the Publick; and even of some Reflexions upon his Character, as to Morals, (though we can't say Mr. *Addison* was any way concern'd in the latter) we need not be greatly astonish'd, that he had Recourse to that method of Return, which was not only most suitable to his Genius, but likewise most in his Power. But the blackest part of the Charge still remains behind; namely, that he not only satyriz'd this his Benefactor, during his Lifetime, "but (to use the Words of one of his Defamers) no sooner was his Body lifeless, than this Author, reviving his Resentment, libell'd the Memory of his departed Friend, and what was still more heinous, made the Scandal publick." It must be own'd, this Accusation, if it were true, wou'd be very black, but, as it is an old Saying, *The Devil is not so black as he is painted*; so, we wou'd willingly hope, our Poet is not so bad as he is here represented; let us see, therefore, what he says himself, or his Friends for him, in Answer to this odious Assertion. We have already premised, that Mr. *Addison*, introduced our Poet with great Advantage to the Publick, by his Recommendations in the *Spectators*, and *Free-holders*; and so far, might, undoubtedly, be reckon'd a considerable Benefactor; (tho' it is certain, Mr. *Wycherly*, had before brought him acquainted, with several Persons of Distinction, both for Rank and Merit:) But Mr. *Pope's* Enemies, in order  
to



to blacken him the more, falsely asserted that, to use their own Words, " Mr. *Addison* rais'd him " from Obscurity, obtained him the Acquain- " tance and Friendship of the *whole Body of* " *our Nobility*, and transferr'd his powerful In- " terests with those great Men, to this rising " Bard, who frequently levied, by that means, " unusual Contributions on the Publick."

The Answer given to this, either by Mr. *Pope*, or his Friends, was as follows ; " Grievous the " Accusation! unknown the Accuser, (for it was " publish'd in *Mist's Journal*) the Person ac- " cused no Witness in his own Cause; the " Person, in whose Regard accused, dead! But, " if there be living any one Nobleman, whose " Friendship, yea any one Gentleman, whose " Subscription, Mr. *Addison* procured to our " Author, let him stand forth, that the Truth " may appear. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates,* " *sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole " Story of this Libel is a Lye; witness those " Persons of Integrity, who, several Years be- " fore Mr. *Addison's* decease, did see and ap- " prove of the said Verses, in no wise a Libel, " but a friendly Rebuke, sent privately, in our " Author's own Hand, to Mr. *Addison* himself; " and never made publick, till after their own " Journals, and *Curl* had printed the same. " One Name alone, which I am authorized to " declare, will sufficiently evince this Truth, " that of the Right Honourable the Earl of " *Burlington!*"

Now can it be believed, by any reasonable and unprejudiced Man, that any one wou'd have dared to make such a Challenge, or to have quoted the Name of a noble Peer, to a notori-

ous Falshood? It is evident therefore to us, that the whole of this Accusation is a monstrous Calumny. Not that we will deny, that Mr. *Addison*'s Recommendations in his Writings, might be a means of introducing our Poet, to the Acquaintance, and Friendship, of divers Noblemen, and Gentlemen, to whom he might otherwise never have been known; as also, of procuring him several Subscriptions, he might not have had otherwise; but then this can never be properly call'd, Mr. *Addison*'s procuring him such Friends or Subscriptions, unless we wou'd trace Things almost as far back, as a certain humorous Writer has done the Loss of *Constantinople* by the *Christians*; which he merrily ascribes to a Hobnail, that, running into the Foot, of the charging Horse, of one of the *Christian* Generals, lamed the Steed, and hinder'd the General from doing his Duty, in riding from Squadron to Squadron to animate his Men; by this means the *Infidels* gained a compleat Victory, which was follow'd by the Loss of *Constantinople*, and even of all *Turkey* in *Europe*. To such as will argue after this manner, we have nothing to say, because it wou'd be but Labour lost; and, as for all others, we flatter ourselves, what has already been premised is sufficient, to convince them, our Poet was not so much to blame in this Affair, as his uncharitable Enemies wou'd have the World believe.

In Effect, it is evident, from Mr. *Pope*'s Letters, even to those who were Mr. *Addison*'s Friends, in particular, one of *July* 15, 1715. to Mr. *Craggs*, that Mr. *Addison* had enter'd into a Combination to undermine our Poet, in his Reputation; and had employ'd Mr. *Tickell*,  
either



either to translate *Homer's* first *Iliad*, or to farther his Translation, with that very view; accordingly Mr. *Pope*, in the Letter beforementioned, speaking of the two Versions, his own, and Mr. *Tickell's*, says as follows; "However, " if our Principles be well consider'd, I must " appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickell* a rank " *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the Publick in " general, he to gratify the inordinate Desires " of one Man only. We have, it seems, a " *great Turk* in Poetry, who can never bear a " Brother near the Throne; and has his Mutes " too, a Set of Noddors, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose Business is to strangle all other " Offsprings of Wit in their Birth. The new " Translator of *Homer* is the humblest Slave " he has; that is to say his first Minister; let " him receive the Honours he gives him, but " receive them with Fear and Trembling: Let " him be proud of his absolute Lord, I appeal " to the People, as my rightful Judges and " Masters; and if they are not inclined to " condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying " Proceedings, from the small Court-Faction " at *Button's*."

What is here alledg'd, is pretty much to the same Purpose, as what is said in the Satire beforementioned, which drew upon Mr. *Pope* such a load of Calumny; let us see whether that Performance deserv'd it: After having given a slight Correction, to several little Poetasters, and snarling Criticks, he proceeds to say:

*Peace to all such! but were there one whose Fires*  
*Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires;*  
*Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,*  
*And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;*  
*Shou'd*

*Shou'd such a Man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no Brother near the  
Throne ;*

*View him with scornful yet with fearful Eyes,  
And hate, for Arts, that caus'd himself to rise ;  
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the Rest to sneer ;  
Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike ;  
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,  
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend ;  
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,  
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ;  
Like Cato gives his little Senate Laws,  
And sits attentive to his own Applause ;  
Whilst Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise ;  
Who wou'd not grieve, if such a Man there be ?  
Who wou'd not weep, if A——n were he ?*

Now can any one think, our Poet deserv'd such severe Treatment, for these beautiful Lines ; and especially if, as is affirm'd, he sent them privately in his own Hand to Mr. Addison, and was not accessary to the first Publication of them ! surely not ; at least, upon the whole, the worst, that can be said, is, that, they were both equally in Fault ; that,

*Envy's a Weed, grows in the richest Soil ;*

and that, *Humanum est errare.*

Having thus laid before our Readers a true State of this Affair, with the utmost Candour and Impartiality, both the Gentlemen concerned  
being



being Persons for whom we have the greatest Value, and whose Names will do Honour to our Country, 'till Time shall be no more; let us proceed now, to some farther Account of our Poet, and his Labours; and see what Treatment he constantly met with, from the implacable Herd, of his inveterate and groveling Enemies. Some time after he had finish'd the Translation of the *Iliad*, he undertook likewise a new Version of the *Odysssey*, and a new Edition of *Shakespear's* Works; which last, he assures us, he comply'd with, much against his Will, and purely at the earnest Desire of Mr. *Tonson*, and also only because he could get nobody else to do it.

Tho' the Translation of the *Odysssey* must be confess'd, not to be comparable to that of the *Iliad*, yet it does not want its Beauties, as will readily be allowed by all good Judges; but his Adversaries, wilfully blind to all its Excellencies, and resolved to cavil with him right or wrong, immediately rais'd a great Outcry against him, because he had taken Two others, to be his Assistants, in that laborious Undertaking.

Accordingly, they positively aver'd, that  
 “ having secured the Success of that Work,  
 “ by a numerous Subscription, he employ'd  
 “ some *Underlings* to perform, what, pursuant to  
 “ his Proposals, should have come from his  
 “ own Hand.” What will such Wretches scruple, when they don't stick to advance such a notorious Falshood, which is expressly contradicted by the Words of the said Proposals, as follows! “ I take this Occasion to declare, that  
 “ the Subscription for *Shakespear* belongs wholly  
 “ to Mr. *Tonson*; and that the Benefit of *this*  
 “ Proposal

“ *Proposal* is not solely for my own Use, but  
 “ for that of *Two of my Friends*, who have  
*assisted me in this Work?*” Equal Fault is found  
 with him, for his Edition of *Shakespear*, in  
 relation to which, he is not only charg’d, with  
 having not in the least studied him, but also with  
 not having discharg’d the Duty of an Editor;  
 and, which was yet worse, with having *lent* the  
 Bookseller *his Name*, for a *competent Sum of*  
*Money*, to promote the Credit of an *extravagant*  
*Subscription*. Is it not evident, from the Words  
 of the *Proposals* before quoted, wherein our  
 Poet expressly declares, that the Subscription for  
*Shakespear* belong’d wholly to Mr. *Tonson*, that  
 these Men wilfully shut their Eyes against Con-  
 viction, and are Proof against Shame?

After the finishing of the *Odyssey*, and the  
 Edition of *Shakespear’s* Works, we don’t find  
 our Poet, engaged in any considerable Under-  
 taking, (tho’ he frequently entertained the Pu-  
 blick with occasional Pieces, many of which,  
 tho’ his Name was not prefix’d, were imme-  
 diately known to be his, by their superior Ex-  
 cellence) ’till he set about his *Dunciad*, and his  
*Moral Essays*. Tho’ Mr. *Pope* had before at-  
 tracted the Admiration, of all Men of Sense and  
 Learning, by most, if not all his other Labours,  
 and there hardly seem’d a Possibility, of its  
 rising to a higher Pitch, yet no sooner did these  
 admirable Writings make their Appearance, than  
 each of them, in their several kinds, changed  
 their Admiration into Astonishment, if the Cri-  
 ticks will allow us to use those two Terms,  
 in a different Sense, as expressive of a greater  
 and lesser degree of Surprise and Esteem. He  
 had always been deem’d an incomparable Poet,  
 and



and an uncommon Genius, but he was now look'd upon as superior to the Rest of Mankind; and had we liv'd in the Times of Ignorance and Superstition, it would undoubtedly have been believed, he was attended and assisted by some benevolent Spirit, as *Socrates* is said to have been by his *Dæmon*.

The former of these is indisputably one of the keenest Satires that ever was written, and, at the same time, the most humourous and most justifiable; as he hardly attacks any one therein, who had not first fallen foul upon him, and that without any previous Provocation. This brought upon him a fresh Torrent of *Billingsgate* and Falshood from those *Dunces*, whom he had immortaliz'd in this Poem; an Advantage they could never have hoped for from their own heavy Productions; and which, nevertheless, they ungratefully repaid with scurrilous Invectives. As he has collected them all, however, in one Point of View, one would have thought their Number might have kept them in Countenance, and brought them into a tolerable Humour; in Effect, it would have been the best Course they could have taken, to have put a good Face upon the Matter, and join'd with the Town in the general Laugh; instead of daring to attack him again, and thereby running the Risque of drawing down the Vengeance of his Pen afresh upon them: But it is a Fatality, which attends all *Dunces*, to be wrong-headed.

Amongst those, who fell upon him on this Occasion, no one signalized himself more than our famous *Laureat*; who after having been stoically silent, as himself expresses it, for

H

Twen-

Twenty Years together, notwithstanding the frequent Correction he met with from Mr. *Pope's* Pen, was at last spirited up, as he avers, by several Persons of *Quality*, to enter the Lists with him, and endeavour to make Reprisals; though it must be confess'd, (and indeed the *Laureat* seems himself to be sensible of it, and even to acknowledge it) there was no Manner of Equality between the Combatants.

In one Point, however, it must be own'd, Mr. *Cibber* shew'd great Prudence, namely, in making his Attack in humble Prose; well knowing, not only, that he should be no Match for our Poet in Verse, but that should he even attempt to satyrize him in Rhyme, Mr. *Pope* would very probably gain a fresh Advantage over him thereby, and turn his Metre against himself (as contending Armies frequently do their Enemies Cannon;) and that though it might not have sufficient Force to wound our Poet, yet when directed back again by Mr. *Pope's* skillful Hand, might be levell'd so successfully, as to pierce him through and through.

To do Mr. *Cibber* Justice, we will not deny, that there is some Merit in his Letter, and that the Equanimity and easy Temper, with which he supports the severe Lashes, our Poet has frequently bestow'd upon him, and the good Humour with which he joins in the Laugh, when he has received a palpable Hit, is apt to prepossess us in some Measure in his Favour, and make us think, Mr. *Pope* has used him a little too hardly: Another Circumstance, likewise, that pleads strongly for our *Laureat*, is, that he does not deviate into Scurrility and Ill-manners,



manners, but treats his Adversary with as much Decency as the Nature of the Thing will admit. Neither should we be impartial, if we conceal'd, that Mr. *Cilber* in one Place, has taken our Poet at a manifest Disadvantage, and has very judiciously made the most of it; whereby he successfully turn'd the Ridicule from himself upon Mr. *Pope*, and got the Laughters on his Side. Our Poet, in one of his Epistles, happens to have this Expression;

*And has not Colley too his Lord and Whore?*

Upon this the *Laureat* observes smartly enough,  
 “ Suppose *Colley* as happily inspired as Mr. *Pope*,  
 “ had turned the same Verse upon him, and  
 “ with only the Name changed had made it  
 “ run thus;

*And has not Sawney too his Lord and Whore?*

“ Wou'd not the Satyr have been equally just?  
 “ Or, wou'd any sober Reader have seen more  
 “ in the Line than a Mouthful of Ill-manners?  
 “ Or, wou'd my professing myself a Satyrist,  
 “ give me a Title, to wipe my foul Pen, upon  
 “ the Face of every Man I did not like? Or,  
 “ wou'd my Impudence be less Impudence in  
 “ Verse than in Prose, or in private Company?  
 “ What ought I to expect less than that you  
 “ wou'd knock me down for it, unless the  
 “ happy Weakness of my Person might be my  
 “ Protection? Why then may not I insist, that  
 “ *Colley* or *Sawney*, in the Verse, wou'd make  
 “ no Difference in the Satyr? Now let us exa-  
 “ mine how far there wou'd be Truth in it on  
 “ either Side?”

Mr. *Cibber* then proceeds to observe, that, as to the first Part of the Charge the *Lord*, they had both had him, and sometimes the same Lord; but if it was no Reflection upon either of them, to keep their Betters Company, the Satyr, therefore, in this Point, if there was any, cou'd only fall upon the Peer for associating himself with them. "As to the latter Charge," continues he, the *Whore*, indeed, I doubt, you will have the better of me; for I must own, I believe I know more of *your* Whoring, than you do of mine; because I don't recollect, that ever I made you the least Confidence of my Amours, though I have been very near an Eye-Witness of *yours*." Upon which Mr. *Cibber* observes, and not injudiciously, that to say only, *a Man has his Whore*, without some particular Circumstances, to aggravate the Vice, is a very flat Piece of Satyr, because, *defendit numerus*, most Men have been guilty of the same.

He goes on to say, "But as Mr. *Pope* has so particularly pick'd me out of the Number to make an Example of, why may not I take the same Liberty, and even single him out for another, to keep me in Countenance? He must excuse me, then, if, in what I am about to relate, I make free with a little private Conversation: But, as he has shown no Mercy to *Colley*, why shou'd so unprovoked an Aggressor expect any for himself? And, if Truth hurts him, I can't help it. He may remember then, continues the *Laureat*, (or if he won't I will) Mr. *Button's* Coffee-House was in Vogue, and so long ago, as when he had not translated above Two or Three Books of *Homer*; there was a late young Nobleman,

(as

“ (as much *his Lord* as mine) who had a good  
 “ Deal of wicked Humour; and who, though  
 “ he was fond of having Wits in his Company,  
 “ was not so restrained in his Conscience, but  
 “ that he loved to laugh, at any merry Mischief  
 “ he cou’d do them.

“ This noble Wag, I say, in his usual *Gayeté*  
 “ *de Cœur*, with another Gentleman still in Be-  
 “ ing, one Evening slyly seduced, the celebrated  
 “ Mr. *Pope*, as a Wit, and myself as a Laughter,  
 “ into a certain House of Carnal Recreation,  
 “ near the *Hay-Market*; where his Lordship’s  
 “ Frolick was proposed, to slip his little *Homer*,  
 “ as he called him, at a Girl of the Game, that  
 “ he might see what sort of a Figure, a Man of  
 “ his Size, Sobriety, and Vigour (in Verse)  
 “ wou’d make, when the frail Fit of Love had  
 “ got into him; in which he so far succeeded,  
 “ that the smirking Damsel, who served us with  
 “ Tea, happened to have Charms sufficient, to  
 “ tempt the little tiny Manhood of Mr. *Pope*,  
 “ into the next Room with her; upon which,  
 “ you may imagine, his Lordship was in as  
 “ much Joy, at what might happen within, as  
 “ our small Friend cou’d probably be in Posses-  
 “ sion of it: But I, (forgive me all ye mortified  
 “ Mortals, upon whom his fell Satyr has since  
 “ fallen) observing he had staid as long as with-  
 “ out Hazard of his Health he might, I,

*Prick’d to’t by foolish Honesty and Love,*

“ As *Shakespear* says, without Ceremony, threw  
 “ open the Door upon him, where I found this  
 “ little hasty Hero, like a terrible *Tom-Tit*,  
 “ pertly perch’d upon the *Mount of Love*! But  
 “ such was my Surprise, that I fairly laid Hold  
 “ of



“ of his Heels, and actually drew him down,  
 “ safe and sound, from his Danger.

“ My Lord, who staid tittering without, in  
 “ Hopes the secret Mischief he came for wou’d  
 “ have been compleated, upon my giving an  
 “ Account of the Action within, began to  
 “ curse, and call me a Hundred silly Puppies,  
 “ for my impertinently spoiling the Sport; to  
 “ which, with great Gravity, I reply’d; Pray,  
 “ my Lord, consider, what I have done was in  
 “ Regard to the Honour of the Nation! For,  
 “ wou’d you have had so glorious a Work, as  
 “ that of making *Homer* speak elegant *English*,  
 “ cut short, by laying up our little Gentleman  
 “ of a Malady, which his thin Carcase might  
 “ never have been cur’d of? No, my Lord,  
 “ *Homer* wou’d have been too serious a Sacrifice  
 “ to our Evening Merriment. Now, pursues  
 “ Mr. Cibber, as his *Homer* has since been so  
 “ happily compleated, who can say, that the  
 “ World may not have been obliged, to the  
 “ kindly Care of *Colley*, that so great a Work  
 “ ever came to Perfection?” In which Obser-  
 vation, we can’t help remarking, he has humo-  
 rously made use of the same Argument, as *Ovid*  
 puts into the Mouth of *Ulysses*, when contend-  
 ing with *Ajax*, for the Armour of *Achilles*;  
 namely, that as he, by a Stratagem, had been  
 the Means of discovering that Hero, when dis-  
 guis’d in the Court of *Lycomedes*, and of bring-  
 ing him to the Siege of *Troy*, the Merit of all  
 his glorious Actions, ought, in some Measure,  
 to be placed to his Account. Our *Laureat* then  
 concludes his Detail of this whimsical Adventure,  
 with this smart Reflection. “ And now again,  
 “ gentle Reader, let it be judged, whether the  
 “ Lord

“ *Lord* and the *Whore* abovementioned, might  
 “ not, with equal Justice, have been apply’d  
 “ to sober *Sawney* the Satyrift, as to *Colley* the  
 “ Criminal?”

This shrewd Observation, and, more especially, the good Reception it met with from the Public, who came readily into the Ridicule, is generally thought, and, we believe, not without Reason, to have pretty much *net-tled* our ingenious Poet; who, notwithstanding his incomparable Genius, and his many valuable Qualities, was not quite free from Failings; for, indeed, what meer Man ever was! It is no Wonder, therefore, that it drew, either from the Person aggriev’d himself, or some of his Friends, a Kind of Reply, entitled *A Lick at the Laureat*, &c. which Piece, as much as we are apt to be prepossessed in Favour of Mr. *Pope*, and even as desirous as we were of seeing how he, or his Apologists, would repel the Ridicule, and retort it upon his Adversary, it must be own’d, we think, might better have been spared. In Effect, whether it was written by himself, or one of his Friends, it falls short of the Spirit which reigns thro’ all his other Works; and even of that Humour, which generally runs thro’ those Pieces that are penn’d by his Advocates: In a Word, it fails in the main Design, namely, of diverting the Laugh from our Poet upon the *Laureat*.

We will not deny, however, that some plausible Excuses are made therein, for the Severity with which Mr. *Cibber* has been treated; and particularly, that the Passage abovementioned, which the *Laureat* has so judiciously taken the Advantage of, is vindicated, in some Measure,  
 by

by substituting the Particle *still* instead of *too*, in which Case the Sense of the Verse is greatly alter'd, for it runs thus,

*And has not Colley STILL his Lord and Where?*

But even with this Emendation, and notwithstanding all that his Apologists have said in his Behalf, the *Laureat* has visibly the Better of his Antagonists, in the Opinion of all impartial Judges, and that for several obvious Reasons; it had been well, therefore, if Mr. *Pope*, at this Juncture, instead of offering to enter the Lists with his Adversary, either in Person, or by his Proxies, had let the Controversy die without an Answer; and had remember'd, what *Ajax* not injudiciously observes, on a similar Occasion:

*Ille tulit Pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,  
Quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.*

But the wisest and greatest of Men are sometimes overseen.

One obvious Reason, why it would have been better, to have let the *Laureat's* Letter escape without Notice, is, because, in the *Lick to the Laureat*, (and we might add, in divers other Pieces of Mr. *Pope*, and his Coadjutors, but that our Observations upon them will come in more properly hereafter) we are hardly inform'd of any Thing *new*. That Mr. *Gibber* was not a Man of the *most unexceptionable Life*; That he had been *frequently dull*, though not always; that he was *Master of a pretty good Assurance*; had his *Share of Vanity*; had loved a *Girl*; nay, was sometimes guilty of *Swearing*; and even, upon Occasion, might be contented,

in,



in order to keep up the good Humour, of some of his best Friends, to act the Part of a Buffoon; this is nothing but what, if true, must have been well known to all his Acquaintance; neither was it any Wonder, that a Man who had been so many Years used to the Stage, was not a strict Moralist, and neither wanted for Assurance nor Vanity, for it would have been much more surprizing, had it been otherwise; but that the *sober Satyrift*, who had been so *severe a Censor of Vice and Folly* in others, should *suffer himself* to be so overtaken, was what could not fail, of *highly diverting* the ill-natur'd Part of the Town, and even of exciting a Smile in the best and most human Tempers; especially, when they consider'd the *Misfortune* of his *personal Deformity*, and *weakly Constitution*, which not only must render him *very unfit* for such Adventures, but must make him *eminently* the *Object of Ridicule*, by the *grotesque Figure* he must be supposed to have cut, on such an Occasion.

Neither does it much mend the Matter to recriminate upon Mr. Cibber, in the *Lick to the Laureat*, by the Story of his Addresses to Mrs. *Susanna Maria W——n*; nor yet by observing, he was then Fourscore, and had a Rival of much the same Age, one Mr *S——y*; which gave Occasion, to a certain Nobleman (who afterwards carried the Lady from both of them) on seeing her appear, attended by her Brace of antique Admirers, to say; *Here comes fair Susanna and the Two Elders!* For, in the first Place, the *Laureat*, who must be supposed to know best, avers, he wanted above Eight Years of that Age, which makes a considerable

Difference, every single Year, after a Man is turn'd of Seventy, being equal to Seven; when between Twenty and Thirty; and supposing it to be true, and that Mr. *Pope* was not above Six or Seven and Twenty, at the Time of his Amour beforemention'd, whilst the *Laureat* was Fourscore, when smitten with fair *Susan*, yet, when we consider the Difference, between the infirm Constitution, and bodily Defects of the one, with the vigorous old Age of the other, who never labour'd under any such Defects, we shall find the Latter might be near as young, even at Fourscore, as the Former even at Twenty-six; and of this we had a memorable Instance, in Sir *Stephen Fox*, who had Two Children, and if we mistake not, at a Birth, by his Lady, who was of an unblemish'd Character, at that Age.

Not that we mean it as any Kind of Reproach, either upon our *Poet*, or the *Laureat*, that they were susceptible of Love; for who is not? so true it is, what the late celebrated Duke of *Buckingham* observes, upon this Head;  
 " That LOVE, ALMIGHTY LOVE, has made  
 " SOLOMON commit Idolatry, DAVID contrive a  
 " Murder, and all the World play the Fool at  
 " some time or other.

Another Reason, why it would have been better for Mr. *Pope* to have let the *Laureat's* Letter pass without any Notice, is, because he might be sure his Answer would provoke a Reply, in which he was not certain the latter would not again get the Laugh on his Side; as he undoubtedly has, by heightening the ridiculous Image he had before given us of our *Poet*, when the hot Fit was upon him, by some  
 ludi-

*ludicrous Circumstances, and the merry Simile of a long-legg'd Spider making Love in a Cobweb.*

But this is not the only Advantage Mr. Pope has thereby given Mr. Cibber; for, not only in the abovementioned *Lick to the Laureat*, but in the new Edition of the *Dunciad*, it is evidently visible; both from the *Prologomena* of *Scriblerus*, and the Comment of *Aristarchus*, as also from the great Pains he has taken to cancel so many Leaves, merely to substitute the Name of the *Laureat*, instead of that of *Theobald*, how much he was nettled at that Letter; whilst, on the contrary, his Adversary has shown thro'out that Epistle, great Command of Temper and Good-nature; nay, in some Places, has join'd in the Laugh, and rallied himself very agreeably, as Page 39, 40; and every one knows, when two Disputants are engaged in a Controversy, if either of them flies into a Passion, at what is said by the other, the Standers-by naturally conclude he is gall'd and touch'd in a sore Place. However, this is not all, for Mr. Pope has thereby given his Adversary an Opportunity to take his *Dunciad* to Pieces, and animadvert very justly upon some Passages, which, notwithstanding the plausible Apology made for them, are by no Means to be vindicated, neither by the Authority of any ancient or modern Bards, nor any other Excuse whatever; and of this Mr. Pope himself seems to have been very sensible, by suppressing the Initials in one of those Passages, in the new *Duodecimo* Edition of his *Dunciad*, which is a tacit Acknowledgment, the Censure pass'd upon them by the *Laureat*, is just: In a Word, he has on this Head, retorted the Charge of Scurrility, Impudence



*prudenc* and *Immorality*, upon *our Poet*, very *handsomely*; and it must be owned, in the Instances there cited, not without *some Foundation*; all that be pleaded therefore, on this occasion, is, his satyrical Genius ran away with his *Discretion* and *Probity*, and he might have said with *Medea* in *Ovid*;

--- *Video meliora, proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.* ---

Again; Mr. *Pope*, or his Friends for him, by publishing the above-mentioned Pamphlet; and the *New Dunciad*, with the *Prolegomena*, Annotations, Remarks, &c. thereto annexed; not only has given Mr. *Cibber* an Opportunity of retorting the above-mentioned Charge upon *our Poet*, but of falling likewise very *severely*, and not *without Reason*, upon one of his Coadjutors, namely, the Author of the Preface to the last *Quarto* Edition of the *Dunciad*, which made its Appearance *October 29, 1743*, and is subscribed with the Initials *W. W.*

This Author, whom the *Laureat* supposes a Clergyman of Parts, and great Learning, upon the Information, as he assures us, of a Person of Distinction, having acquainted us, ' That  
' he had lately the Pleasure to pass some  
' Months with the Author in the Country,  
' and had prevailed on him to do what he had  
' long desired, namely, to favour him with his  
' Explanation of several Passages in his Works,  
' adds, It happened just at that Juncture was  
' published a *ridiculous Book* against him, full  
' of personal Reflections; which furnished him  
' with an Opportunity of improving it, by giving it, what alone it wanted, a *more considerable*  
' Hero.

‘ *Hero*. He was always sensible of its Defect, con-  
 ‘ *tinues he*, in that Particular, and owned he had  
 ‘ let it pass, with the *Hero* it had, purely for  
 ‘ want of a better; not entertaining the least  
 ‘ Expectation, that such a one was reserved for  
 ‘ that Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel*:  
 ‘ But, since that has happened, he could no  
 ‘ longer deny this Justice, either to *him*, or the  
 ‘ *Dunciad*.

Upon this Mr. *Cibber* very *smartly* observes,  
 If the Circumstance of his being chosen *Lau-*  
*reat*, gave him an immediate Title to the Post,  
 how came he to be kept out of his Right to  
 this *Blockheadly Empire* for thirteen Years?  
 And, why was he not install’d, in the very first  
 Edition of his *Dunciad*? As it is certain he was  
 not, he from thence very justly concludes, the  
 sole Reason of his being singled out for that  
 Purpose now, was his having acquired the  
*fresh Merit* of highly provoking our Poet. The  
 reverend Doctor, however, if such he be, pro-  
 ceeds to assign another Reason, as follows;  
 ‘ And yet I will venture to say, there was an-  
 ‘ other Motive, which had still more Weight  
 ‘ with our Author: This Person (meaning the  
 ‘ *Laureat*) was one, who, from every *Folly*, not  
 ‘ to say *Vice*, of which another would be *asham-*  
 ‘ *ed*, has constantly derived a *Vanity*; and  
 ‘ therefore was the *Man in the World, who would*  
 ‘ *least be hurt by it*.

Upon this the *Laureat* makes some smart Ob-  
 servations, that relate to our Poet; after which  
 he proceeds to this just Remark upon the Priest,  
 ‘ Would it not become a Divine (though a  
 ‘ Poet might say any thing) when he detracts  
 ‘ from any Man’s Character in so publick a  
 Man-



‘ Manner, to have his Assertions (though they  
 ‘ were true) back’d with a little better Evi-  
 ‘ dence? Left the Licence of his Pen should  
 ‘ be thought a Vice of a deeper Dye, than any  
 ‘ you have accused me of?” We must own,  
 we cannot help thinking this a *palpable Hit*, a  
*home Thrust*, which the Doctor will find it hard  
 to parry or get clear of, in the Opinion of all  
*Men of Candour*. The printing a *malicious Asper-*  
*sion*, upon no other Foundation, for aught ap-  
 pears to the contrary, than a meer *ipse dixit*,  
 and that without any Provocation, will surely be  
 allowed a *blackier Crime*, and *more heinous Vice*  
 in one of his Character and Function, than any  
 one whereof he has accused poor COLLEY.

But we will leave him to the *Last* of the Lau-  
 reat, who, it must be own’d, lays it on hand-  
 somely, as follows: ‘ I am afraid you have been  
 ‘ in ill Company this Summer. And that Mr.  
 ‘ Pope, perceiving your Inclination, to set up  
 ‘ for a Wit, has waggishly given you ME to try  
 ‘ your Good-will upon. Now really, Sir, I can-  
 ‘ not but say, this must have been very *Childish*  
 ‘ in ONE of you! For, while by his Advice,  
 ‘ you run your Head into a Wasp’s Nest, in  
 ‘ order to kill them, will not that Advice be  
 ‘ just as merry a Proof of his Friendship, as your  
 ‘ following it will be a grave one (he might  
 ‘ have said A SAD ONE, which would have  
 ‘ made the Contrast stronger) of your Discretion?  
 ‘ What in Nature could you propose by it?  
 ‘ How could you hope, to idle a Frolick as  
 ‘ your standing Stickler in a Battle, between a  
 ‘ peevish Poet, and a laughing Comedian, would  
 ‘ not soil your Character? But since you are  
 ‘ so fond of the Office, I will shew you all pos-  
 ‘ sible



‘ fible Fair-play, and by handsomely trimming  
 ‘ your Cassock, will lay myself as open to your  
 ‘ Ridicule, as your Appetite to Fame can de-  
 ‘ fire.’

If the reverend Doctor has any sense of Shame left in him (for some of his Fraternity have not) must he not blush at the ludicrous Idea this Picture, which, it cannot be denied, is drawn to the Life, gives of him? How would he like to see a Print of himself, in his Canonicals, and of the Laureat, in the Character of Lord Foppington, in his own Careless Husband, (that is, of a Man, who, with some Share of Wit, and Abundance of Good-nature, rallies agreeably his own Follies) exposed to the View of the Publick, mounting the Stage together; the PRIEST, armed with a Stiletto, to stab like an Assassins, un-awares, under the Shelter of the Initials W. W. and the other only with a huge birchen Rod, to correct and jerk him, into a quicker sense of Decency, and the Duty of his Function? I dare believe it would touch him to the Quick, and yet this is what he richly deserves. What Apology could he make for himself; certainly none; Or, if he offered at one, would not his Mouth be effectually stoppt, by the shrewd Answer, of one of our Monarchs to the Pope; who reclaimed a Prelate that had been found in Arms, fighting against him: *In this Dress did I find him, Holy Father* (said our Prince, sending the Suit of Armour in which the Bishop was taken) *know now whether it be thy Son's Coat or no*, Exod. xxxvii. 32. Had Mr. Pope no one to rake into the dirty Controversy, and make the Cat's-Paw of, till a charitable Christian Priest, very rashly and foolishly, lent him his Hand, without any

Provo-

Provocation ; let him then have his *due Reward*, and *unpitied* as well as *unenvy'd*, sit down as *contentedly* as he can, with his *burnt Fingers*.

In effect, were there nothing else than this *miserable Criminal* in it, *Misapplication* of his Time, that alone would be *highly scandalous*, in one of his *Character*, whose Duty it is, *Whether he eats or drinks; or whatever he does, to do all to the Glory of God* ; and when *heightened* with the *aggravating Circumstance* of *unprovoked Malice*, it wants a Name, it is *truly diabolical*. Had the *reverend Doctor* duly considered this, we fancy, he would have acted otherwise, and are apt to believe, by this Time, he wishes he had not had the Pleasure of his Abode some Months with *our Poet* ; but we find to our *Sorrow*, and his *Disgrace*, he, like some of his Brethren, is *more conversant*, in the Works of *Poets and Players*, than in the *Scriptures*, which alone he ought to consult.

But, as if the *Father of Mischief* had owed this *reverend Duncè* a *Shame*, and having taken him at an *Advantage*, was determined to *pay it him home* ; this is neither the only one, nor the *worst Oversight*, of which this *venerable Prostitute* (for we can call a Man of his *Function*, who so *shamefully prostitutes* his Dignity, by lending his Pen to *such Uses*, no better) has been guilty. In Imitation of another *incorrigible Blunderer*, in a *higher Sphere*, who, at the same time that he was making the *most ample Concessions* to the *professed Enemies* of his Country, and *submissively* came into *any Measures* they were pleased to propose ; though by all this *Condescension* he could never obtain the  
least



*least Suspension of Hostilities*, no, nor even *common Civility*, or *Humanity*, from them; this *Chief* of the *Wrongheads*, not only enter'd into a *League* with *Mr. Pope*, to *calumniate* the *Laureat*, a *Person wholly unknown* to him, unless by *Hearsay*; but, by *clubbing his Mite* to the introducing the last Edition of his *Dunciad*, with the greater *Pomp*, has render'd himself, in a great *Measure*, *accessary*, to all the *Scandal* contain'd therein: And he did this (to shew how just the *Parallel* was throughout) at the same time that he could not obtain from his *new Alley*, an *Exemption* from *Hostilities* for his own *Brethren*; what did we say, *his own Brethren*, no, not *for himself*! In order to set this in a *glaring Light*, we must repeat, what has been already advanced, that the *Doctor*, by *clubbing his Mite* to its *Introduction* to the *World*, with the greater *Pomp*, has render'd himself *accessary* to, and *answerable* for, all that is contained therein; and having premised this, let us see whether he has obtained *any Mercy* for his *Brethren*, or even *any Quarter* for himself. In the *Dunciad*, Book II. v. 352. we find it thus written for our *Instruction*:

‘ *Dullness* is *sacred*, in a *sound Divine*.

This is a *general Satyr* upon the *whole Order*; for all of them, how little soever they may deserve it, are *ambitious* of being *thought* *sound Divines*, and we doubt not, *W. W.* among the *Rest*. But, as if this was not sufficient, three Lines lower, *our Poet* proceeds to say;

K

‘ *Around*



' *Around him wide a SABLE ARMY stand,*  
 ' *A LOW-BORN, CELL-BRED, SELFISH, SER-*  
   *[VILE BAND,*  
 ' *PROMPT or to GUARD or STAB, to SAINT*  
   *[or DAMN,*  
 ' *HEAV'N'S Swiss, who fight for any, God, or*  
   *[Man.*

A *very pretty Description* this of the *whole Body* of the *Clergy*! for undoubtedly the Word *Army* will include them all! A *very pretty Poem* this, for a *Clergyman* to *usher* into the *World*! And a *very pretty Clergyman*, to *patronize* such a *Poem*! We acknowledge it is *replete with Wit*, and in most *Places* the *Satyr* is *just enough*; but when our *Poet* falls *indiscriminately* upon all *Orders* and *Degrees* of *Men*, *suffraginandus erat*, as *Horace* says of *Haterius*, *Ben Johnson* of *Shakespear*; he ought to have been *restrain'd*; we don't mean by *coercive Means*, but by good *Advice*; and if *Mr. W. W.* had not *Resolution* enough to give this *Advice* to our *Poet*, nor yet *Interest* enough to obtain the *Erazement* of these *Lines*, he ought, at least, to have broke off all *Correspondence* with him.

• But, that we may do *Justice* on all *Sides*, let us see what *Apology* is made for this *virulent Satyr*, in the *Remarks* thereon: ' It is to be hoped, says the *Annotator*, that the *Satyr*, in these *Lines* will be understood in the *confined Sense*, in which the *Author* meant it, of *only* such of the *Clergy*, who, tho' solemnly engaged in the *Service* of *Religion*, dedicated themselves, for *venal* and *corrupt Ends*, to that of *Ministers*, or *Factions*; and though educated under an entire *Ignorance* of the *World*,

' World, aspire to interfere in the Government  
 ' of it, and consequently to disturb, and dis-  
 ' order it. In which they fall short only of  
 ' their Predecessors, when invested with a  
 ' larger Share of Power and Authority, which  
 ' they employ'd indifferently, either in sup-  
 ' porting arbitrary Power, or in exciting Re-  
 ' bellion; in canonizing the Vices of Tyrants,  
 ' or in blackening the Virtues of Patriots; in  
 ' corrupting Religion by Superstition, or be-  
 ' traying it by *Libertinism*, as either was thought  
 ' best, to serve the Ends of Policy, or flatter  
 ' the Vices of the Great.' Now if we can  
 prove that Mr. *W. W.* is included in this De-  
 scription, it is evident, he has not even ob-  
 tain'd Quarter for himself; and that he is one  
 of those, who has *betrayed Religion by Liberti-*  
*nism*, is manifest, from his having contributed  
 to usher into the World, this Satyr upon his  
 own Order; for which he has thereby made  
 himself answerable: Divers other Instances of  
 this too great Licentiousness could we produce,  
 would the Bounds of this Treatise permit, par-  
 ticularly, Book IV. from *V.* 571 to 596. where  
 all Orders and Degrees of Men are taken in in-  
 discriminately, but we think this sufficient, and  
 therefore, having thus *shewn* the Dr. in his  
*true Colours*, shall here take our Leave of him.

Proceed we now to the *Moral Essays*, or  
*Ethic Epistles*, of our Poet, as they were the  
 last, and in our Opinion, much the most ex-  
 cellent of his Works, not but the others are all  
 admirable in their several Kinds; in these, how-  
 ever, he has more fully display'd, the vast Ex-  
 tent of his Genius and Capacity, we might say  
 also of his Knowledge, in every Branch of Li-



terature: In Effect, these Poems were universally admired, and gave infinite Pleasure to all who perused them, at least, to all who perused them with Candour. Neither is that to be wonder'd at, when we consider, they were as useful as delightful; insomuch that one could not read them without being the better for them, and the Mind being as much improved thereby as the Understanding; they had the full Force of a good Sermon, with all the Charms of Poetry; in short, we might here see Satyr directed to its right End, and in full Beauty; and might hence learn of what Use that Kind of Writing might be made, when in a masterly Hand, and aim'd at its lawful Object; that is, when pointed against Vice in general, and insisted in the Cause of Virtue. And yet, such is the Depravity of Human Nature, though these Essays were evidently calculated for this laudable End, there were not wanting *some Pickthanks*, who raised an *invidious Clamour*; on one of them, named *Taste*, and inscrib'd to the Earl of *Burlington*, with the *charitable Design* of drawing upon *our Poet* the Resentment of one of his best Friends, and most munificent Patrons.

They positively aver'd, the Character of *Timon* in that Epistle, was design'd for his Grace, and well knowing, that *Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*, as also, that the said Nobleman had once made Mr. *Pope* a more than princely Present, which he likewise more than doubled, by his agreeable Manner of conferring it, tax'd him with the *blackest Ingratitude*, in *lampooning* his *Benefactor*; and they were even *seconded* in their *Outcry* by some of the



the great *Vulgar*, who saw themselves painted to the *Life* in that very Poem. By good Fortune, however, they were disappointed in their Views; that great Man having too much Sense to take the Satyr to himself, as he kindly acquainted our *Poet*, in a Letter under his own Hand; and all the Effect this *malicious* and *impotent* Attempt had, was to induce the Author, for the future, to make Use of real Names, instead of those which were fictitious.

Having thus given a *short*, but *impartial* Account of Mr. *Pope's* Life and Poetical Pieces, we shall say one Word of his Prosaic Labours, and draw to a Conclusion: Upon this Head, then, we shall only observe, though they are by no Means comparable to his other Works, yet are they not without their Merit; nay, so entertaining are they in their Kind, especially his Letters, that any one, who had not known the Author as a Poet, would have reckon'd him amongst the *fine Writers*; what adds most to their Value, however, is, that we may there view him, in a *Deshabille*, if we may use that Expression, without Reserve, and without Disguise; and that any impartial Person may plainly discover therein a Spirit of *universal Benevolence* and *Beneficence*; in a word, the *Friend* of Mankind in General; it is no Wonder that a Person of this *aimable Disposition*, (who was an Honour not only to his Country, but to his whole *Species*) was not wanting in any of the *Social* or *Relative Duties*; and that accordingly we find united in him, notwithstanding some little Failings, from which, as has already been observed, no mere Man was ever exempt, not only the *agreeable Companion*,  
but

but the *warm Friend*, the *Lover of his Country*,  
the *affectionate Brother*, and the *most dutiful and*  
*tender Son*; **QUALITIES** infinitely more *Praise-*  
*worthy* than his Being, as he undoubtedly is,  
the *greatest Poet* this or any Age ever produced,  
if we consider him in the several **Kinds** of that  
**Art** wherein he excell'd.

# **F I N I S.**







THE  
*Last WILL and TESTAMENT*  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq;*

Extracted from the Registry of the Pre-  
rogative Court of *Canterbury*.

*In the Name of God, Amen.*

“ **I** Alexander Pope, of *Twickenham*,  
“ in the County of *Middlesex*,  
“ make this my last Will and Tes-  
“ tament: I resign my Soul to its  
“ Creator, in all humble Hope of its future  
“ Happiness, as in the Disposal of a Being  
“ infinitely good: As to my Body, my Will  
“ is, that it be buried near the Monument of  
“ my dear Parents at *Twickenham*, with the  
“ Addition after the Words *Filius fecit*, of  
“ these only, *Et Sibi, Qui Obiit, Anno 17* ,  
“ *Ætatis* —, and that it be carried to the  
“ Grave by six of the poorest Men of the  
“ Parish, to each of whom I order a Suit of  
“ grey coarse Cloth as Mourning; If I hap-  
“ pen to die at any inconvenient Distance,  
“ let the same be done in any other Parish,  
“ and the Inscription be added on the Mo-  
“ nument at *Twickenham*. I hereby make and  
“ appoint my particular Friends *Allen Lord*  
“ *Bathurst*, *Hugh Earl of Marchmont*, the  
“ Hon. *William Murray*, his Majesty's Scli-  
“ ci.or



“citor General, and *George Arbuthnot*, of the  
 “Court of Exchequer, Esq; the Survivors, or  
 “Survivor of them, Executors of this my last  
 “Will and Testament: But all the Manu-  
 “script and unprinted Papers which I shall  
 “leave at my Decease, I desire may be deli-  
 “vered to my noble Friend *Henry St. John*  
 “Lord *Bolingbroke*, to whose sole Care and  
 “Judgment I commit them, either to be pre-  
 “serv’d or destroy’d; or, in case he shall not  
 “survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of *March-*  
 “*mont*: These, who in the Course of my  
 “Life, have done me all other good Offices,  
 “will not refuse me this last after my Death.  
 “I leave them therefore this Trouble, as a  
 “Mark of my Trust and Friendship, only  
 “desiring them each to accept of some small  
 “Memorial of me; That my Lord *Boling-*  
 “*broke* will add to his Library all the Volumes  
 “of my Works and Translations of *Homer*,  
 “bound in red *Morocco*, and the eleven Vo-  
 “lumes of those of *Erasmus*; That my Lord  
 “*Marchmont* will take the large Paper Edi-  
 “tion of *Thuanus*, by *Buckley*, and that Por-  
 “trait of Lord *Bolingbroke*, by *Richardson*,  
 “which he shall prefer; That my Lord *Ba-*  
 “*thurst* will find a Place for the three Statues  
 “of the *Hercules* of *Farnese*, the *Venus* of  
 “*Medicis*, and the *Apollo* in *Chiaro Oscuro*,  
 “done by *Kneller*; that Mr. *Murray* will  
 “accept of the Marble Head of *Homer*, by  
 “*Banini*, and of Sir *Isaac Newton*, by *Guelst*;  
 “and that Mr. *Arbuthnot*, will take the  
 “Watch I commonly wore, which the King  
 “of *Sardinia* gave to the late Earl of *Peter-*  
 “*borough*, and he to me on his Death Bed,  
 “toge-

“ together with one of the Pictures of Lord  
 “ *Bolingbroke*.

“ *Item*, I desire Mr. *Lyttleton* to accept of  
 “ the Busts of *Spencer*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton* and  
 “ *Dryden*, in Marble, which his Royal Mas-  
 “ ter the Prince was pleased to give me. I  
 “ give and devise my Library of printed  
 “ Books to *Ralph Allen* of *Widcombe*, Esq;  
 “ and to the Rev. Mr. *William Warburton*,  
 “ or to the Survitor of them (when those  
 “ belonging to Lord *Bolingbroke* are taken  
 “ out, and when Mrs. *Martha Blount* has  
 “ chosen threescore out of the Number.) I  
 “ also give and bequeath to the said Mr. *War-*  
 “ *burton*, the Property of all such of my  
 “ Works already printed, as he hath written,  
 “ or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon,  
 “ and which I have not otherwise disposed of  
 “ or alienated, and all the Profits which shall  
 “ arise after my Death, from such Editions as  
 “ he shall publish, without future Alterations.

“ *Item*, In Case *Ralph Allen*, Esq; above-  
 “ said shall survive me, I order my Executors  
 “ to pay him the Sum of 150 l. being, to the  
 “ best of my Calculation, the amount of  
 “ what I have received from him, partly for  
 “ my own, and particularly for Charitable  
 “ Uses. If he refuses to take this himself,  
 “ I desire him to employ it, in a Way I am  
 “ persuaded he will not dislike, to the Benefit  
 “ of the *Bath Hospital*.

“ I give and devise to my Sister-in-Law,  
 “ Mrs. *Magdalen Racket*, the Sum of 300 l.  
 “ and to her Sons *Henry* and *Robert Racket*,  
 “ 100 l. each. I also release and give to her  
 “ all my Right and Interest in and upon a

L

“ Bond



“ Bond for 500 l. due to me from her Son  
 “ *Michael*; I also give her the Family Pic-  
 “ tures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts,  
 “ the Diamond Ring my Mother wore, and  
 “ her Gold Watch.

“ I give to *Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West,*  
 “ *Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rawlinson,*  
 “ *Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs;* and to *Mrs. Ar-*  
 “ *buthnot,* each the Sum of 5 l. to be laid out  
 “ in a Ring, or any Memorial of me. And  
 “ to my Servant *John Searl,* who has faith-  
 “ fully and ably served me many Years, I  
 “ give and devise the Sum of 100 l. over and  
 “ above a Year's Wages to himself and his  
 “ Wife; and to the Poor of the Parish of  
 “ *Twickenham* 20 l. to be divided among them  
 “ by the said *John Searle.* And it is my Will,  
 “ if the said *John Searle,* die before me, that  
 “ the said Sum of 100 l. go to his Wife or  
 “ Children.

“ Item, I give and I devise to *Mrs. Martha*  
 “ *Blount,* younger Daughter of *Mrs. Martha*  
 “ *Blount,* late of *Welbeck-street, Cavendish-*  
 “ *square,* the Sum of 1000 l. immediately on  
 “ my Decease, and all the Furniture of my  
 “ Grotto, Urns in my Garden, Household Goods,  
 “ Chattels, Plate, or whatever is not other-  
 “ wise disposed of in this my Will, I give and  
 “ devise to the said *Mrs. Martha Blount,* out  
 “ of a sincere Regard and long Friendship for  
 “ her; and it is my Will, that my abovesaid  
 “ Executors, the Survivors, or Survivor of  
 “ them, shall take an Account of all my Estate,  
 “ Money, or Bonds, &c. and after paying  
 “ my Debts and Legacies, shall place out all  
 “ the Residue upon Government or other  
 “ Secu-



“ Securities, according to their best Judgment,  
 “ and pay the Produce thereof Half-yearly to  
 “ the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*, during her  
 “ natural Life; and after her Decease, I give  
 “ the Sum of 1000*l.* to Mrs. *Magdalen Rack-*  
 “ *ket*, and her Sons *Robert*, *Henry*, and *John*,  
 “ to be divided equally among them, or to  
 “ the Survitors or Survivor of them. And after  
 “ the Decease of the said Mrs. *Martha Blount*,  
 “ I give the Sum of 200 *l.* to the aforesaid  
 “ *Gilbert West*, 200 *l.* to Mr. *George Arbuth-*  
 “ *not*, 200 *l.* to his Sister Mrs. *Anne Arbuth-*  
 “ *not*, and 100 *l.* to my Servant *John Searle*,  
 “ to which soever of these shall then be living,  
 “ and all the Residue and Remainder to be  
 “ considered as undisposed of, and go to my  
 “ next of Kin.

“ This is my last Will and Testament, writ-  
 “ ten with my own Hand, and sealed with  
 “ my Seal, this 12th Day of *December*, in the  
 “ Year of our Lord 1743.

“ ALEXANDER POPE.

“ Signed, sealed, and declared by the Tes-  
 “ tator as his last Will and Testament, in Pre-  
 “ sence of us,

“ *Radnor.*

“ *Stephen Hales*, Minister of *Teddington.*

“ *Joseph Spence*, Professor of History in  
 “ the University of *Oxford.*

This Will was proved at *London*, before the  
 Worshipful *George Lee*, Doctor of Laws and  
 Suro-

Surrogate, on the 14th Day of June 1744, by  
the Oaths of the Right Honourable *Altho* Lord  
*Bathurst*, the Right Honourable *Hugh* Earl  
of *Marchmont*, the Hon. *William Murray*, Esq;  
his Majesty's Solicitor General, and *George*  
*Arbuthnot*, Esq; the Executors, to whom Ad-  
ministration was granted, being first sworn  
duly to administer.

*William Legard,*

*Peter St. Eloy,*

*Henry Stevens,*

} Deputy Registers.

**F I N I S**



This is a proof of the  
University of Oxford.



